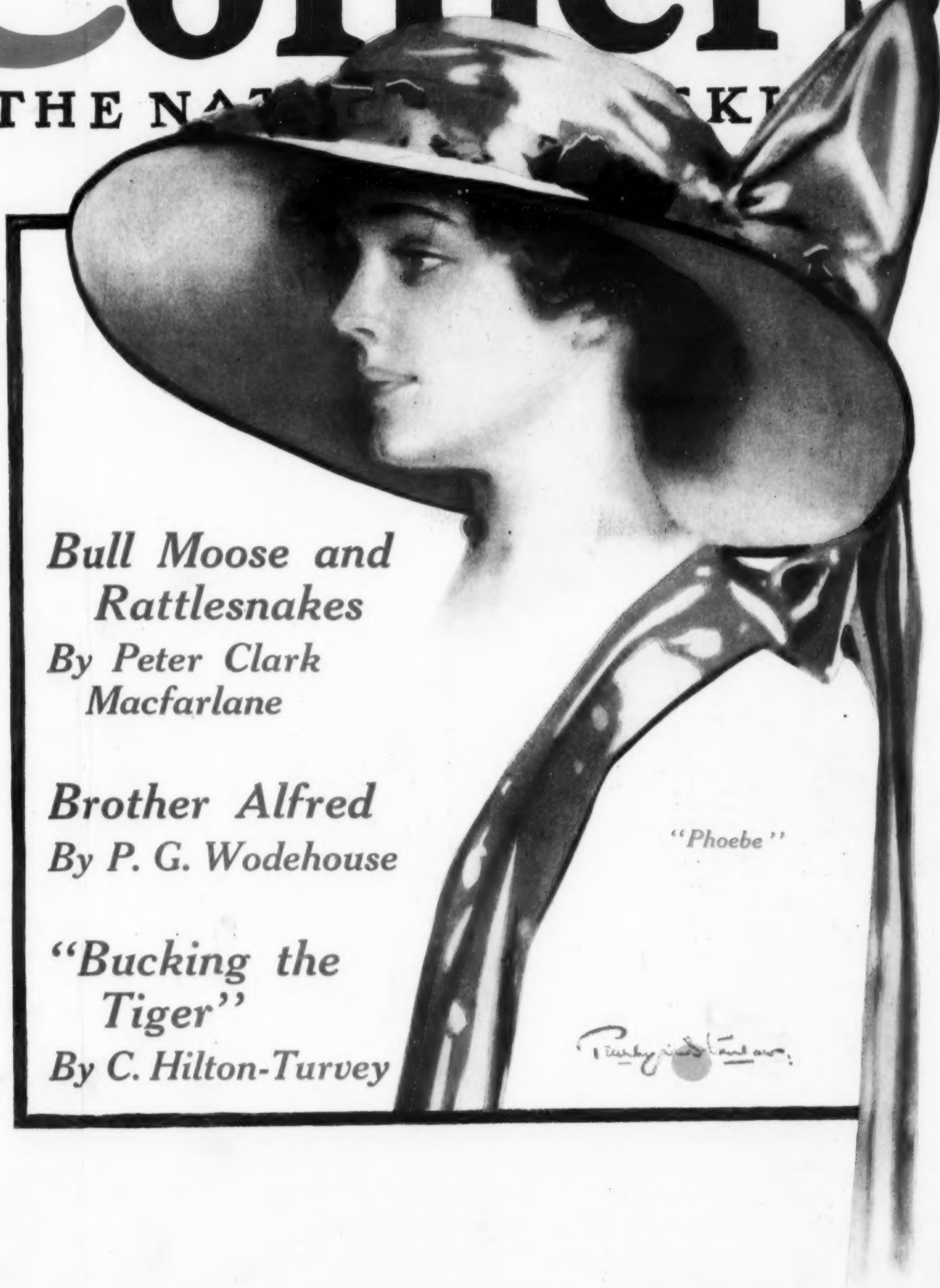


Collier's

5¢ a copy

THE NATURAL HISTORY



*Bull Moose and
Rattlesnakes*

*By Peter Clark
Macfarlane*

Brother Alfred
By P. G. Wodehouse

*"Bucking the
Tiger"*
By C. Hilton-Turvey

"Phoebe"

Turvey and Lane



"The Chaldean Story of the Flood"

Dug Up From the Ruins of Ancient Chaldea

DO YOU KNOW that the Ancient Chaldean story of the Flood is the same in every detail as Moses' account in Genesis—and that it was written thousands of years before his version appeared? Hardly one in a thousand even knows of this startling fact. **DO YOU?** But it is one of the many thousand curiously interesting accounts in

The Library of Original Sources

just recently available to the general public. Formerly this remarkable Library was only sold by subscription, but **by taking over the entire unsold edition from the publishers we secured it at a very great reduction.** Therefore we are able to offer the remaining sets to Collier's readers at

An Extraordinary Bargain

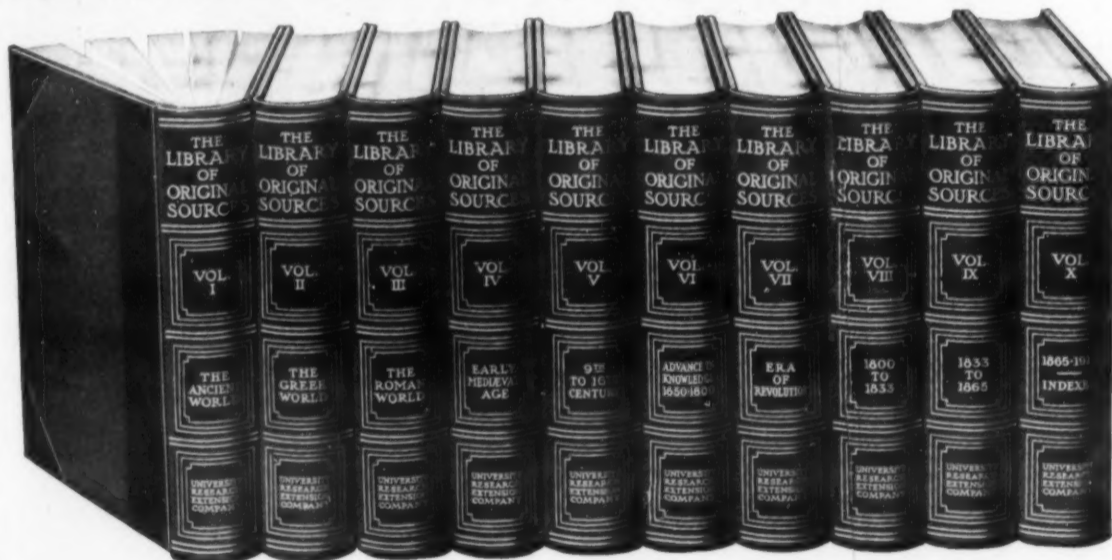
Send us the attached coupon **at once**, and we will tell you how to get the Library on **easy monthly payments**, and mail you **FREE** a book of rare documents. Remember there are only a limited number of sets, so act quickly. Mail the Coupon **NOW**. You assume no obligation. No salesman will call. The book is **FREE**.

OVER 100 RESEARCH SPECIALISTS spent 10 years gathering the contents of this great work. Ancient and remote and forgotten civilizations in all parts of the globe were uncovered and age-buried hieroglyphics on monuments, tablets, sun-baked bricks and palimpsests yielded their secrets; untiring workers ransacked the hidden literature of every age, ancient, mediaeval and modern, to find the "original documents" that shaped the civilization and influenced the thought and life of the world. Nothing like it has ever been attempted or thought of before. You'll be amazed at the wealth of information this unique library contains.

DO YOU KNOW that the old Egyptians, 5000 years B. C., had a Bible which they called the "Book of the Dead"?—Do you know that the Assyrian sacred literature gives the story of the Creation?—Do you know that books and newspapers were printed in Asia thousands of years before printing was invented by Gutenberg?—Did YOU ever read Columbus' personal log of his great voyage—filled with strange happenings and ominous forebodings?—Do you know that there occurred in Mediaeval England a great Socialistic protest—the first of its kind ever known?—Do you know by what unique process Harvey demonstrated that the blood does not stand still in the veins, as everyone then thought?—Do you know who Machiavelli was, or what world-famous treatise he wrote?

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL—and thousands of others equally as curious and important—in The Library of Original Sources. Every document is in the exact

words of the original, translated; every contribution is from the actual eyewitness or person who took part; every idea is in the words of the thinker, investigator, discoverer or inventor.



There are ten sumptuous, massive volumes, bound in rich, deep red Persian Morocco; full page illustrations, pure silk headbands, printed in large clear type on hand-made, pure white, antique finished paper with gold tops—a veritable triumph of the bookmaker's art.

THIS MARVELLOUS WORK is revolutionizing modern thought. It's turning upside down old notions and ideas. It gives the authoritative, rock-bottom sources of our knowledge on **ALL SUBJECTS OF HUMAN INTEREST** from the earliest civilization down to today—the inside facts which the average person has never even heard of. Encyclopædias, histories, etc., merely tell you *about* things—in The Library of Original Sources you get the *things themselves*—the fountain heads of knowledge to which encyclopædia writers, historians, etc., have to go for *their* information. **Mail coupon NOW for complete particulars.**

JACK LONDON SAYS:—"It is a whole library in itself. I certainly never could spare these books from my shelves."

Collier's
9-27

University
Research
Dept. 5
Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me the **FREE** book of rare documents showing inscriptions of the Ancients and tell me of your easy payment offer. I assume no obligation, the book and all you send me is to be **free**, and no salesman is to call.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Name

Address

TIMKEN

AXLES & BEARINGS



Out for Hard Service



LANG the gong! Clear the streets! Rush over car tracks! Swing round corners! Take the shortest road no matter how rough! Put on full speed—get to the fire!

Human life is at stake—and property—perhaps the whole town.

Weight on the fire truck is heavy—pumps, hose, ladders and men—and speed is of utmost importance. Nothing can cause delay. The fire truck *must* be dependable. And the foundations of dependability are the axles and their bearings.

Wheel bearings are the buffers that meet the intense shocks, stresses and vibration as the massive engine plunges over rough pavements in its dash to the fire.

They must be better than good bearings, they must be the very best. Bearings that will carry tremendous loads, and in *addition* will meet the severe side-pressure when the heavy engine swings suddenly round a corner.

The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing is the one bearing that meets and withstands *both* these forces. That is why practically all successful builders of fire apparatus have adopted Timken Bearings.

The ponderous weight rests, too, on those bridges of heat-treated steel, the axles.

Head on the Timken-Detroit Front Axle meets every shock and jolt. The gears of the Timken Jack-Shaft transmit the power of the huge engine full force to the chains that drive the rear wheels.

Timken Radius Rods take the tremendous thrust between jack-shaft and rear axle. Their swivel connections enable the plunging vehicle to adjust itself to all unevenness of the road. They supply compensation for every stress from every possible direction.

TIMKEN-DETROIT axles are designed for the extra stresses that emergencies bring. Builders of trucks which have extra hard duty to perform turn naturally to Timken Axles and Bearings. Their uniform success under the most severe conditions of motor-car service—pleasure and commercial—has been unparalleled.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.



YOU can learn more of what good bearings and axles mean, of what Timken stands for in good motor-car construction, by writing for the Timken Primers B-5 "On the Care and Character of Bearings," B-6 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles."

Give the Youngsters
Crisco Foods



Crisco foods taste as good as they look and what is most important, they are digestible.

Crisco cookies, doughnuts, gingerbread, etc., are good for children, because Crisco is a pure and absolutely all vegetable cooking fat. It is the *cream* of food oils, made possible by the discovery of the scientific "Crisco Process."

Crisco makes fried foods more delicious and wholesome. It makes digestible pie crust. Crisco cake is as rich as the most expensive butter cake.

Try Crisco in your favorite recipe. For shortening, use a little less than you would of butter or lard and in cake making, cream it thoroughly. Use plenty for deep frying, for the same Crisco may be used over and over.

New Cook Book Free This new book by Marion Harris Neil, Cookery Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, gives 250 original recipes, is attractively illustrated, and tells many interesting and valuable facts about cooking and food products. It also tells the interesting story of Crisco's discovery and manufacture. It is free. There is also a quality edition of this book containing a total of 615 Neil Recipes and a Calendar of Dinners—365 menus of original and tasty meals. This book is bound in blue and gold cloth and is sent for five 2-cent stamps. In writing for either, address Dept. P9, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Additional Crisco Facts

Because Crisco has no taste of its own, the food is allowed to assert its true flavor; fried foods have a new taste that is delightful.

Crisco takes proper frying temperature without smoking up the kitchen. Your parlor knows nothing of your kitchen.

Crisco does not take up food flavors or odors. You can fry fish, then onions, then potatoes in the same Crisco, merely by straining out the food particles after each frying.

Crisco in place of butter in cookies, cakes, scalloped dishes, etc., gives proper richness at much less expense. Salt should be added when used in place of butter.

Bread and cake do not dry out as fast when Crisco is used, because Crisco is *all* shortening. Butter contains one-fifth moisture, salt and curd.

Crisco digests readily at normal body temperature.



Bull Moose and Rattlesnakes



By Peter Clark Macfarlane

A "PERSONALLY conducted" visit to the annual snake dance of the Hopi Indians in the prehistoric village of Walpi, on the top of an impregnable rock six hundred feet above the floor of the Painted Desert and eighty-five miles from the railroad.

TOOT! Toot!

At 5.45 in the morning the long Santa Fe train creaks softly, considerate of sleepers, to a stand at Flagstaff. The Governor of Arizona and the warden of the penitentiary are both upon the platform to meet us. No cutting remarks, please. This is not eternal vigilance, but Arizona hospitality, which gets up earlier and stays out as late as the kind we have at home.

Honk! Honk!

We are off, the Governor, the warden, the chauffeur, the interpreter, the photographer, and last, but not least in weight, the correspondent. Our journey begins at sunrise through the cool pine uplands of the San Francisco mountains. It ends at sunset one hundred miles away, under the foot of Walpi, on the far edge of the blistering Painted Desert.

Walpi is on a mesa about the shape of the sole of a shoe. It rises sheer from the flat of the desert floor. Six hundred feet thick is the sole. It is not a hill; it is a rock. On its top is no sign of vegetation. The wind for uncomputed centuries has blown the least fleck of dust from its top. And the rock is battlemented. It looks like a huge fortification. Three villages, so closely grown they look like one, crown the summit. Walpi is the westernmost, near the toe of the sole.

The Desert Levee of the Bull Moose

IN A CIRCLE round the foot of the south side of this acclivity, at intervals of from a quarter to half a mile, are small groups of buildings, stores, missions, schools, and cottages, mostly built of the stone and mud of the desert, and mostly roofed with corrugated iron.

Senator Hubbell, the Indian trader, who has made himself our host, points to a long, one-story house half a mile further along the foot of the mesa, and tells us it is ours; that there they will "eat us and sleep us." Our party is broken here and reloaded. Some one else gets the Governor in his car and starts to take him to his new quarters.

A man with a bulldog face and thick glasses, with a red handkerchief about his throat, appears from a mess room near. He has heard that the Governor of Arizona is there, and hails him. But the Governor's car has started up the sand hill; the sand is so soft the chauffeur dares not stop, and the Governor, wishing it not at all, finds himself hauled off helplessly. The man with the bulldog face has run a few yards along the road in an endeavor to over-

take him, but, seeing the futility of the attempt, stops and stands laughing and waving his hand like a boy. The man is Roosevelt.

The Colonel is just out of the Grand Cañon, back from the Natural Bridge of Utah, from cougar shooting and four or five weeks in the wilds. He shows a rawhide toughness. The tan of the desert is on him. He looks like a piece of it. He, too, is all sand and color. But he is eager to get a foot on the car step of civilization. He wants to know the news—what is happening in Washington, in Mexico, and Albany.

People crowd round—men and women who have met him, known him everywhere—and he places them all unhesitatingly. He overflows with instant recollection; he bubbles opinion on every subject that flashes into conversation; his allusion skips round the world—it leaps back and forth in American history, it connects with a whisper in a royal cabinet or recalls the talk of a hunter's camp fire. Standing on the flat, with the sunset glow upon his features, and the village of the voices of an undecipherable past towering far above us, this strangely human man, so loved and so hated, so trusted and so feared, so honored by the world, so full of the steam of red-hot conviction, so full of the warmth and frost of incisive personality, so charged with the tingle and zest of life, holds a remarkable reception. Male and female, white and red, raw and refined, slit gowns and breech-clouts are included in this desert levee. It ends when one of his boys comes up, clad in denim jumper and overalls, takes him affectionately by the arm and leads him off to the room in the little school where he will sleep to-night.

What interests us most about our own quarters when we get to them is the kitchen and dining room in one, its furniture, a stove, a white man, a Mexican, an Indian, a long, low pine table, two benches, improvised from planks on nail kegs—and **FOOD!**—plenty of it—the best that will stand transportation to the desert. But it is unprepared. Darkness has fallen. The only light is the glare from the stove and one dim lantern ray. We look in from outside, hungrily. The cooks move about in the inner dimness like ghosts. Something sputters in hot grease. Things metallic and hollow clatter on the long table. By and by a voice comes to the door

and shouts: "Come and get it!" We go and we get it.

Inspection of boudoirs comes next. Floor space for twenty men, ample comforts of heavy fustian, but walls and an atmosphere redolent of too many pasts. Why sleep in that when all outdoors is at hand? We lie down in long rows in the open. Fleecy clouds with rain shadows in them play hide and seek with a beautiful moon and some pale-looking stars. There is talk of tarantulas, centipedes, and such like torments. A burro brays discordantly. A Governor snores, ditto. A correspondent also, it is alleged. During the night some sleep is discovered and many uncharted bones.

Morning, and thoughts of the Snake Race at dawn. We kick ourselves out, and others. We hunt the trail that leads to the top of the rock. It is a stiff climb, but we do it in good time; and where the horse trail comes in we make out in the dim gray light, astride a white mare, a figure, thick almost to squattiness when mounted, sitting motionless, surveying the panoramic valley over which the golden shadows of the coming dawn begin to chase each other. It is the Colonel! His face has a rapt look. Of what is he thinking? Of Buffalo? Of Washington? Of Chicago, or Milwaukee? It is obvious the man has plenty to think about.

The Inscrutable Rock

HE WAVES a hand to us, and, turning, leads the way to the top, where he leaves his horse and continues on foot. The Snake Race comes up over the toe of the shoe; we are now near the heel. The top of this rock is rock, solid rock—I must write it again. And the surface is uneven, as if it had cooled too quickly. In the rock appear



The tan of the desert is on him. He looks like a piece of it—all sand and color

trails—in some places more than a foot in depth, worn by the bare feet of centuries. This rock reeks history, but the history is mostly veiled. The obscuring curtain trembled and rolled up in 1540 when Coronado heard of these people and sent his lieutenant, Pedro de Tobar, to visit them. Back of that the history is sealed, inscrutable as the rock. How long have they been there? Nobody knows. Bare feet were perhaps wearing these gutters in the rock when Richard the Lion-Hearted was battling with Saladin for the Holy Sepulcher; perhaps even when Charlemagne was weld-



ing the loose hinges of his empire. But the ethnologists would rather flout this, and the historians. They think these people had not been here so very long when Coronado found them.

We, the United States, are trying to educate these people in books. We have cut the hair of their children; we have forced the boys into trousers and girls into petticoats. But the people are almost unchanged.

This is a suffragette village, by the way. The women own the property. The women do the proposing. The bridegroom goes to live at the home of the bride; and if some day, coming home, he finds his saddle and bridle on the doorstep, that is his divorce. He can do nothing but accept service and depart.

They are a nature folk, these Hopis, who dislike war and whose very name means peaceful people. To escape their enemies they fled to the desert and begged of this rock nothing but to be their home. It sprouts nothing, grows nothing. Yonder is their granary, the desert floor; here and there the flocks of goats and sheep; here and there the tiny unfenced spots sliced out from the wild by a stroke of the hoe, in which grow the peculiar little, thickly bunched, short-stalked corn, the melons, and the beans, that are the life of the people on Gibraltar. Many times upon the nearest desert we have passed these little fields, no more than an acre or so in extent, lonely as cemeteries, with only a scarecrow to guard them, and near which was no human habitation. The habitation is in this rectangular hive upon the rock. Out from here in the morning, into here at night, the Hopi Indian will run his twenty miles with less distress than the Harlemite gets home on the El or in the Subway.

The Hopi's life depends very closely upon nature. God send him a few drops of rain upon the desert! God bend a little to one side the down-stabbing rays of the sun, and he asks no more! The clouds, the lightning, the thunder, the rain, these are the manifestations of nature which he takes to be the answers to his humble prayers.

Snake Race the Hopi Marathon

THE Snake Race, the Snake Dance, and the eight days of secret ceremonial which precede them, all have to do with the worship of nature, with the formulating of his petition to the ka-tel-nas, the spirits within the earth, which are the only gods he knows.

But we have come to Walpi now. The toe of the rock is entirely bare, and just before we pass the last of the houses we notice a cistern with the long, roundless arms of a ladder sticking out of it, like the antennae of some giant katydid. This is not a cistern, however, but an underground sacred chamber, or kiva—pronounced kee-va. The one at which we are looking is the Kiva of the Snake Priests' Order. Upon our right and a little in advance is the Kiva of the Antelope Order. From the depths of the Antelope Kiva come the sounds of incantation, a monotonous, ghostly, rhythmic wail, sobbing up from the darkness. We know that for eight days that chant has been going on. For the last four of the eight days snake-catching parties have been going out: the first day to the north, the second day to the west, the third day to the south, the fourth day to the east. From

One of the snake priests takes a serpent in his mouth—the snakes are of several kinds, but the majority are rattlers

this droning depth a youth appears, naked to the waist, and calls out insolently to the passing spectators: "Go away! Go away!"

Colonel Roosevelt stands like the others, indignant at this greeting. "Go away!" growls the Indian, harsher still.

The Colonel's small blue eyes dilate. He transfixes the Indian with a glance.

"We are not looking in there," he declares with his soft Southern rounding of r's, at the same time pointing to the opening in which the



Governor G. W. P. Hunt of Arizona (to the right) and Mr. Macfarlane

their ceremonies." The people keep back respectfully, and the Colonel remarks in an aside: "When an Indian is insolent, he is very insolent indeed; and that is why I 'called' him."

Viva, Colonel! That's what makes us like you, Indians and all.

But the Snake Race. We see gayly festooned squaws and marvelously whitewashed and frescoed papposes turning their faces away to the north. Far across the valley, as the purple dawn crept over the range, the race began. For many minutes they have been running, but we do not see them. Now they appear, a line of moving ants stringing across the floor of the valley, traveling with astonishing speed. They are across the river, past the sand waste,



The purification ceremony which took place on the other side of the rock from the dance plaza was most thorough

around the sheep corral, and scooting through the end of the peach orchard so swiftly we can hardly realize these are men on foot. The leader has gained the shadow of the rock, six hundred feet below, and we can see him leaping up the trail, proudly, angle by angle, as if the task were play. Disappearing from sight for a moment, he suddenly dashes into view over the top of the toe. He is a clouted nude; his skin is beautifully bronzed; his legs are straight and slender; his waist is small; his chest swells gloriously. What a torso! What a magnificent play of the muscles! His long black hair flows over his naked shoulders and bounds at every springing step like a mass of plumes. He is not even breathing hard after his many-mile dash as he leaps across the face of the rock and dives into the Antelope Kiva, where they receive him with marks of victory and bestow the bowl of sacred fluid with which later he, Mah-tsvuh, will fertilize his fields. That, and the honor of winning this snaky Marathon for 1913, are quite enough to make Mah-tsvuh a very happy Hopi.

The Setting for the Snake Dance

AND now, on top of the Antelope Kiva, appears another nude in bronze, marvelously muscled, not in lumps and knots, but with fine-drawn thews of platted steel. This man stands and spins about his head, on a piece of cord, a small strip of wood, which makes a humming sound, supposed to resemble thunder. This man is called the bull roarer. Twice or thrice in all earnestness the bull roarer roars and descends again to prayer.

But with the finish of the race our minds revert to breakfast, and we filter back down the hill. One o'clock in the afternoon, however, sees us on hastily-commandeered Indian ponies climbing to the rock again for the great event, to see which we have journeyed, all of us, from fifty to a thousand miles. The dance takes place on a stage or plaza the size of a small croquet ground. One boundary of this croquet ground is the sheer edge of the cliff; the other side is the broken, concaving line of some rather pretentious houses, two stories or more in height, which rise and fall back story by story, like huge steps, their windows, porches, and roofs making a sort of natural amphitheater from which to view the performance. At one end of this croquet ground is Snake Rock, a monolith twenty feet high, six feet thick, and freakishly eroded. This rock is one of the stake boats for the dance; the other is imaginary, but lies at the opposite limit of the plaza, directly in front of a porch some four feet by twelve in size and three feet above the surface level.

This porch is the ideal spot from which to view the dance. It is reserved for the Colonel and his party, the Governor and his, the Assistant Indian Commissioner and his. There are stools for the honorables and the ladies. There is standing room for the rest of us. At two o'clock we are all in place. We know we must wait three and one-half hours in the hot sun that traps us in this corner with the walls behind and the shimmering heat waves of the desert before, and cooks and steams us unmercifully. But we do not care—much. A sensation of shivery expectancy makes us rather oblivious to physical discomforts.

(Continued on page 28)



Enter the line of Antelope priests—the leader wearing a chaplet of green leaves and anklets of the same—four times to the Snake Rock this procession goes



It was Voules. "I'll tell you where to find George Lattaker," he shouted. He glared at George, who was staring at him.

Brother Alfred

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

I THINK one of the most curious stunts I was ever mixed up with in the course of a lifetime devoted to butting into other people's business was that affair of George Lattaker at Monte Carlo. I wouldn't bore you, don't you know, for the world, but I think you ought to hear about it.

We had come to Monte Carlo on the yacht *Circe*, belonging to an old sport of the name of Marshall. Among those present were myself; my man Voules, an Englishman who had spent most of his time valeting earls, and looked it; Mrs. Vanderley of Washington Square North; her daughter Stella; Mrs. Vanderley's maid, Pilbeam, and George. My name is Pepper, by the way. Reggie Pepper. My uncle was Pepper's Safety Razor. He left me a sizable wad.

George was a dear old pal of mine. In fact, it was I who had worked him into the party. You see, George was due in Europe on business, having to meet his uncle Augustus, who was scheduled—George having just reached his twenty-fifth birthday—to hand over to him a legacy left by one of George's aunts, for which he had been trustee. The aunt had died when George was quite a kid. It was a date that George had been looking forward to, for, though he had a pretty fair income, an income, after all, is only an income, whereas a chunk of dough is a pile. So, directly the great date began to loom ahead, he started in to work the cables and fix up sailing dates. Then it struck me that his quickest way was to sail with us and have his uncle meet him at Monte Carlo. Kill two birds with one stone, don't you know. Fix up his affairs and have a pleasant vacation simultaneously.

So George had tagged along, and at the time when the trouble started we were anchored in Monaco Harbor, and Uncle Augustus was due next day.

LOOKING back, I may say that, as far as I was mixed up in it, the thing began at seven o'clock in the morning, when I was aroused from a dreamless sleep by the dickens of a spat in progress outside my stateroom door. The chief ingredients were a female voice that sobbed and said, "Oh, Harold!" and a male voice "raised in anger," as they say, which, after considerable difficulty, I identified as Voules's! If it hadn't been for the aitches dropping in a heavy shower on the corridor carpet, I shouldn't have recognized it. In his official capacity, Voules talks exactly as you'd expect a statue to talk, if it could. In private, however, he evidently relaxed to some extent, and to have that sort of thing going on in my midst at that hour was too much for me.

"Voules!" I yelled.

Gettysburg ceased with a jerk. There was silence,

then sobs diminishing in the distance, and finally a tap at the door. Voules entered with that impassive, my-lord-the-carriage-wafts look, which is what I pay him for. You wouldn't have believed he had a drop of any sort of emotion in him.

"Voules," I said, "are you under the delusion that I'm going to be Queen of the May?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Well, you've called me early, all right. It's only just seven."

"I hunderstood you to summon me, sir."

"I summoned you to find out why you were making that infernal noise outside."

"I hove you an apology, sir. I am afraid that in the heat of the moment I raised my voice."

"It's a wonder you didn't raise the roof. Who was that with you?"

"Miss Pilbeam, sir. Mrs. Vanderley's maid."

"What was all the trouble about?"

"I was breaking our hengagement, sir?"

I COULDN'T help gaping. Somehow one didn't associate Voules with engagements. Then it struck me that I'd no right to butt in on his secret sorrows, so I switched the conversation.

"I think I'll get up," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"I can't wait to breakfast with the rest. Can you get me some right away?"

"Yes, sir."

So I had a solitary breakfast, and went up on deck to smoke. It was a lovely morning. Blue sea, gleaming Casino, cloudless sky, and all the rest of the hippodrome.

Presently the others began to trickle up. Stella Vanderley was one of the first. I thought she looked a bit pale and tired. She said she hadn't slept well. That accounted for it. Unless you get your eight hours, where are you?

"Seen George?" I asked.

"I couldn't help thinking the name seemed to freeze her a bit. Which was queer, because all the voyage she and George had been particularly close pals. In fact, at any moment I expected George to come to me and slip his little hand in mine and whisper: 'I've done it, old scout. She loves me!'"

"I have not seen Mr. Lattaker," she said.

I didn't pursue the subject. George's stock was apparently low that a. m. I wondered what had been happening.

The next item in the day's program occurred a few minutes later when the morning papers arrived.

Mrs. Vanderley opened hers and gave a scream.

"The poor dear prince!" she said.

"What a shocking thing!" said old Marshall.

"I knew him at Washington," said Mrs. Vanderley. "He waltzed divinely."

Then I got at mine, and saw what they were talking about. The paper was full of it. It seemed that late the night before his Serene Highness, the Prince of Saxburg-Liegnitz—I always wonder why they call these guys serene—had been murderously assaulted in a dark street on his way back from the Casino to his yacht. Apparently he had developed the habit of going about without an escort, which, I gather, princes don't often do, and some rough neck, taking advantage of this, had lain for him and soaked it to him with considerable vim. The Prince had been found, by a passing pedestrian, lying pretty well beaten up and insensible in the street, and had been taken back to his yacht, where he still lay unconscious.

"This is going to do somebody no good," I said. "What do you get for slugging a serene highness? I wonder if they'll catch the fellow."

"Later," read old Marshall. "The pedestrian who discovered his Serene Highness proves to have been Mr. Denman Sturgis, the eminent private investigator. Mr. Sturgis has offered his services to the police, and is understood to be in possession of a most important clue." That's the fellow who had charge of that kidnapping case in Chicago. If anyone can catch the man, he can.

About five minutes later, just as the rest of them were going to move off to breakfast, a boat hailed us and came alongside.

A tall, thin man came up the gangway. He looked round the group and fixed on old Marshall as the probable owner of the yacht.

"Good morning," he said. "I believe you have a Mr. Lattaker on board. Mr. George Lattaker."

"Sure," said Marshall. "He's down below. Want to see him? Who shall I say?"

"He would not know my name. I should like to see him for a moment on somewhat urgent business."

"Take a seat. He'll be up in a moment. Reggie, my boy, go and speed him up."

I went down to George's stateroom.

"George, old top!" I shouted.

NO ANSWER. I opened the door and went in. The room was empty. What's more, the bunk hadn't been slept in. I don't know when I've been more surprised. It beat me.

I went on deck.

"He isn't there," I said.

"Not there!" said old Marshall. "Where is he then? Maybe he's gone for a stroll ashore. But he'll be back soon for breakfast. I guess you'd better wait

for him. Have you breakfasted? No? Then will you join us?"

The man said he would, and just then the gong went, and they trooped down, leaving me alone on deck.

I sat smoking and thinking, and then smoking some more, when I thought I heard somebody call my name in a sort of hoarse whisper. I looked over my shoulder, and, by Gad, there at the top of the gangway, in evening dress, dusty to the eyebrows, without a hat, and looking generally as if he had been caught in the machinery, was dear old George.

"Great Scott!" I cried.

"Sh!" he whispered. "Anyone about?"

"They're all down at breakfast."

He gave a sigh of relief, sank into my chair, and closed his eyes. I regarded him with pity. The poor old boy looked all in.

"Say!" I said, touching him on the shoulder.

HE LEAPED out of the chair with a smothered yell.

"Did you do that? What did you do it for? What's the sense of it? How do you suppose you can ever make yourself popular if you go about touching people on the shoulder? My nerves are sticking a yard out of my body this morning. Reggie."

"Yes, old top?"

"I did a murder last night."

"What!"

"It's the sort of thing that might happen to anybody. Directly Stella Vanderley broke off our engagement I—"

"Broke off your engagement? How long were you engaged?"

"About two minutes. It may have been less. I hadn't a stop watch. I proposed to her at ten last night in the saloon. She accepted me. I was just going to kiss her when we heard some one coming. I went out. Coming along the corridor was that infernal—what's her name—Mrs. Vanderley's maid—Pillbeam. Have you ever been accepted by the girl you love, Reggie?"

"Never. I've been turned down dozens—"

"Then you won't understand how I felt. I was off my head with joy. I hardly knew what I was doing. I just felt I had to kiss the nearest thing handy. I couldn't wait. It might have been the ship's cat. It wasn't. It was Pillbeam."

"You kissed her?"

"I kissed her. And just at that moment the door of the saloon opened, and out came Stella."

"Hell!"

"Exactly what I said. It flashed across me that to Stella, dear girl, not knowing the circumstances, the thing might seem a little odd. It did. She broke off the engagement, and I got out the catboat and rowed off. I was mad. I didn't care what became of me. I simply wanted to forget. I went ashore. I fancy I drank nearly everything there was in the town. And then I don't remember a thing, except that I can recollect having the deuce of a scrap with somebody in a dark street, and somebody falling and myself beating it for all I was worth. I woke up this morning in the Casino Gardens. I've lost my hat."

I DIVED for the paper. This was absolutely frightful, don't you know. There couldn't be a doubt who the gazook was that poor old George had been swatting the cover off.

"Read," I said. "It's all there."

He read.

"Great Scott!" he said.

"You didn't do a thing to his serene nibs, did you?"

"Reggie, this is awful."

"Cheer up. They say he'll recover."

"That doesn't matter."

"It does to him."

He read the paper again.

"It says they've a clue."

"They always say that."

"But—Great Scott, my hat!"

"Eh?"

"My hat. I must have dropped it during the scrap. This guy Denman Sturgis must have found it. It had my name in it!"

"Say," I said, "you mustn't waste time. Great Scott!"

He jumped a foot in the air.

"Don't do it!" he said irritably. "For Heaven's sake, don't bark like that. What's the matter?"

"The man."

"What man?"

"A tall, thin man with an eye like a gimlet. He arrived just before you did. He's down in the saloon now, having breakfast. He said he wanted to see you on business, and wouldn't give his name. I didn't

like the look of him from the first. It's this fellow Sturgis! It must be."

"No!"

"I feel it. I'm sure of it."

"Had he a hat?"

"Of course he had a hat."

"Fool! I mean mine. Was he carrying a hat?"

"By Jove, he was carrying a parcel. George, old scout, you must get a move on. You must light out if you want to spend the rest of your life outside the penitentiary. Slugging a serene highness is *l'escroquerie*. It's worse than hitting a cop. You haven't got a moment to waste."

"But I haven't any money. Reggie, old top, slip me a hundred bucks. I must get over the frontier into Italy at once. I'll wire my uncle to meet me in—"

"Duck," I cried. "There's some one coming."

He dived out of sight just as Voules came up the companionway, carrying a letter on a tray.

"What's the matter?" I said. "What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought I 'eard Mr. Lattaker's voice. A letter 'as arrived for 'im."

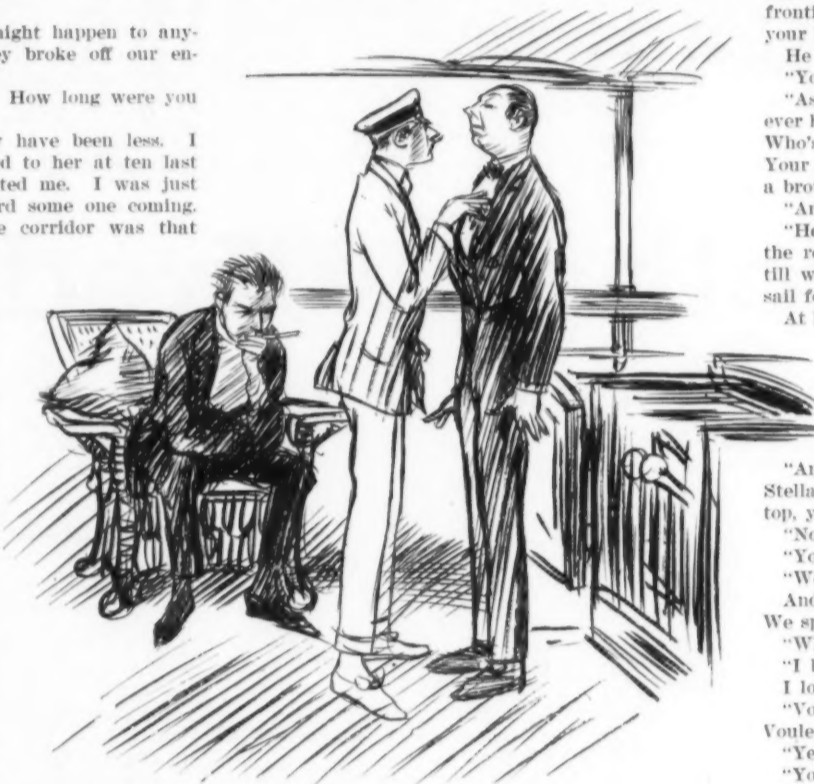
"He isn't here."

"No, sir. Shall I remove the letter?"

"No, give it to me. I'll give it to him when he comes."

"Very good, sir."

"Oh, Voules. Are they all still at breakfast? The



"Voules is all right," I said. "Decent Voules! Voules wouldn't give us away, would you, Voules?"

"Yes, sir." "You would?" "Yes, sir."

gentleman who came to see Mr. Lattaker? Still hard at it?"

"He is at present occupied with some broiled weakfish, sir."

"Ah. That's all, Voules."

"Thank you, sir."

He retired. I called to George, and he came out.

"Who was it?"

"Only Voules. He brought a letter for you. They're all at breakfast still. The sleuth's eating weakfish."

"That'll hold him for a while. Full of bones."

He began to read his letter. He gave a grunt of surprise at the first paragraph.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he said as he finished. "Reggie, this is a queer thing."

"What's that?"

He handed me the letter, and directly I started in on it I saw why he had grunted. This is how it ran:

MY DEAR GEORGE: I shall be seeing you to-morrow, I hope, but I think it is better, before we meet, to prepare you for a curious situation that has arisen in connection with the legacy which your father inherited from your Aunt Emily, and which you are expecting me, as trustee, to hand over to you now that you have reached your twenty-fifth birthday. You have doubtless heard your father speak of your twin brother, Alfred, who was lost or kidnapped—which was never ascertained—when you were both babies. When no news was received of him for so many years, it was supposed that he was dead. Yesterday, however, I received a letter purporting to come from him, in which it was stated that he had been living all this time in Buenos Aires as the adopted son of a wealthy South American, and has only recently discovered his

identity. He states that he is on his way to meet me, and will arrive any day now. Of course, like other claimants, he may prove to be an impostor, but meanwhile his intervention will, I fear, cause a certain delay before I can hand over your money to you. It will be necessary to go into a thorough examination of credentials, etc., and this will take some time. But I will go fully into the matter with you when we meet.

Your affectionate uncle,

AUGUSTUS ARBUTT.

I READ it through twice. And the second time I had one of those ideas I do sometimes get, though admittedly a chump of the premier class. I have seldom had such a thoroughly corking brain wave.

"Why, old top," I said, "this let's you out."

"Let's me out of half the darned money, if that's what you mean. If this chap's not an impostor—and there's no earthly reason to suppose he is, though I've never heard my father say a word about him—it will be a case of fifty-fifty. Aunt Emily's will left the money to my father, or, failing him, his 'offspring.' I thought that meant me, but apparently there are a crowd of us. I call it coarse work ringing in unexpected offspring on a fellow at the eleventh hour like this."

"Why, you chump," I said, "it's going to save you. This lets you out of your spectacular dash across the frontier. All you've got to do is to stay here and be your brother Alfred. It came to me in a flash."

He looked at me in a kind of dazed way.

"You ought to be in some sort of a home, Reggie."

"Ass!" I cried. "Don't you understand? Have you ever heard of twin brothers who weren't exactly alike? Who's to say you aren't Alfred if you swear you are? Your uncle will be there to back you up that you have a brother Alfred. It's pie."

"And Alfred will be there to call me a liar."

"He won't. It's not as if you had to keep it up for the rest of your life. It's only for an hour or two, till we can get this detective guy off the yacht. We sail for England to-morrow morning."

At last the thing seemed to sink into him. His face brightened.

"Why, I really do believe it would work," he said.

"Of course it would work. If they want proof, show them your mole. I'll swear George hadn't one!"

"And as Alfred I should get a chance of talking to Stella and fixing things right for George. Reggie, old top, you're a genius."

"No, no."

"You are."

"Well, it's only sometimes. I can't keep it up."

And just then there was a gentle cough behind us. We spun round.

"What the devil are you doing here, Voules?" I said.

"I beg pardon, sir. I've 'eard all."

I looked at George. George looked at me.

"Voules is all right," I said. "Decent Voules! Voules wouldn't give us away, would you, Voules?"

"Yes, sir."

"You would?"

"Yes, sir."

"But Voules, old man," I said, "be sensible. What would you gain by it?"

"Financially, sir, nothing."

"Whereas, by keeping quiet"—I tapped him on the chest—"by holding your tongue, Voules; by saying nothing about it to anybody, Voules, old fellow, you might gain a considerable wad."

"Am I to understand, sir, that, because you are rich and I am poor, you think that you can buy my self-respect?"

"Oh, come," I said.

"Ow much?" said Voules.

SO WE switched to terms. You wouldn't believe the way the man haggled. You'd have thought a decent, faithful servant would have delighted to oblige one in a little matter like that for a ten spot. But not Voules. By no means. It was five hundred down and the promise of another five hundred when we had got safely away before he was satisfied. But we fixed it up at last, and poor old George got down to his stateroom and changed his clothes.

He'd hardly gone when the breakfast party came on deck.

"Did you meet him?" I asked.

"Meet whom?" said old Marshall.

"George's twin brother, Alfred."

"I didn't know George had a brother."

"Nor did he till yesterday. It's a long story. He was kidnapped in infancy, and everyone thought he was dead. George had a letter from his uncle about him yesterday. I shouldn't wonder if that's where George has gone, to see his uncle and find out about it. In the meantime Alfred has arrived. He's down in George's stateroom now having a brush up. It'll amaze you, the likeness between them. You'll think it is George at first. Look! Here he comes."

And up came George, brushed and clean, in an ordinary yachting suit.

(Continued on page 32)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

A MINUTE search of the history of Congress would probably show that no single session has ever done so much important work as the present one will have accomplished if it finally passes, as it probably will, the currency measure. This is a record for the Democratic party to be proud of. However, the most casual observer in Washington knows that the present session would not have taken up both of these important questions but for the steady insistence of President Wilson. Again and again more than a majority of both the House and the Senate have showed a rebellious disposition to feel that a tariff bill is a good session's work, and to go home at the end of it. President Wilson, however, as early as the first of May, determined that Congress should pass not only a tariff bill but a currency measure as well, and he has never yielded in that determination.

Next December

THE work done by the present session, striking as it is, is of minor importance compared to what will be taken up by the coming regular session. The session, which begins the first Monday in December, will take up a question which in its effects concerns the fundamental organization of society. It will settle—permanently if the settlement is right—the question whether this nation is to permit large units of industry and regulate them, or insist on disintegration into small units. (Bound up with the settlement of this question is the historic issue of State rights against Federal rights.) The coming regular session may mark the end of one economic era and the beginning of another. It may settle the social trend of a hundred million people. The Napoleonic wars and some of the incidents described in Gibbon's "Rome" were more dramatic than this, but not more fundamental.

The Break-up of Panties

THE solidarity of the Democratic caucus may last through the discussion of the currency bill. If it does, that will be the end of it. The disposition of some Democrats to rebel against it, and of independent minds generally to condemn it, has grown strongly. Throughout the discussion of the tariff bill the caucus was condoned quite generally because the Democratic party in its platform was so definitely committed to tariff revision that it seemed fair to regard as a traitor any Democrat who was willing to retard this tariff revision by refusing to commit himself to the judgment of the majority of the party. This feeling gave to the caucus a power of cohesion which ended with the final disposition of the tariff bill. Caucuses fall too readily into the ways of tyranny. Even at their best they tend to develop an arrogant bossism in some men and an equally unwholesome servility in others. They are inconsistent with the spirit that is dominant in American politics at the pres-

By MARK SULLIVAN

ent time. With the beginning of the coming regular session the power of the caucus will be a thing of the past. As soon as this happens there may very well come that break-up of parties which is the necessary preliminary to a new lineup in the United States, a normal division between men whose minds and interests are conservative and those whose minds and interests are liberal.

Cumbersome

THE Democratic party is on record as opposed to a tariff commission. And yet well-informed persons know that the new tariff will not be in force a month before a number of minor adjustments will be revealed as desirable. The Democratic policy would deal with these minor changes through one body of 435 men and another of 96 men—no five of whom will pretend to be well informed on the point at issue. In this matter the Democrats have set their faces against progress.

Menacing

ONE of the unpleasant aspects of the Democratic régime which crops up occasionally is opposition to that system of civil service which has been an accepted thing in National Government for nearly a generation. One example was the attempt of the Senate to have the collectors of the income tax turned over as spoils to the politicians. At another time Congressman Thomas, a Kentucky Democrat, characterized the civil service as "the swindle service," and said it "was a scheme contracted between Theodore Roosevelt and the devil to keep Republicans in office." Everybody believes that President Wilson himself is in thorough sympathy with civil service, and that efforts to break it down will usually be frowned upon by his leadership.

The Future of the Progressives

A GOOD guess at future American politics is contained in these sentences from a speech delivered in the House by one of the Republican leaders:

Suppose that the Democrats failed to carry out their radical program. Will the country return at once to our party? I doubt it. The people wish to try some of these new ideas and are willing to risk the consequences of their proving disastrous. The Republicans have not given them the legislation which wisely or foolishly they wish. If the Democrats follow our [Republican] example it need surprise no one should the people turn to the Progressive party. In fact, this is the only direction in which I can foresee a future for that party. If the Democrats prove radical, intelligent radicals will not vote to turn them out of power.

The Democrats have not yet had a chance to show their trend. They have been neither radical nor the contrary. The necessity of the two measures they have taken up so far, the tariff and the currency, has been admitted by persons of every shade of political belief. The persons who believe the Payne-Aldrich

Bill ought not to be changed are so few as to be negligible. Those who are satisfied with our present banking and currency situation are practically nil. The one thing done by the Democrats that may fairly be called radical is the passage of the income-tax section of the tariff bill. The income tax itself is not radical. Senator Root said on the floor of the Senate that he has long favored it and worked for it. But the particular kind of income tax that the Democrats passed may fairly be called radical, and not very intelligently radical. The placing of the exemption so high (the House made it \$4,000 and the Senate \$3,000) may turn out in the light of history to be very unfortunate. Wisconsin is an intelligently radical State; when it adopted an income tax it made every man pay whose income is above \$1,000. Exempting persons with incomes of \$3,000 or \$4,000 is class legislation in favor of a very able-bodied class.

Two Senators

SENATOR WILLIAM S. KENYON of Iowa would not vote on the tariff on gypsum because one of his relatives is engaged in the manufacture of it. But Senator Albert B. Fall of New Mexico does not find his ownership of mines in Mexico a bar to his urging the United States into some sort of intervention in that country.

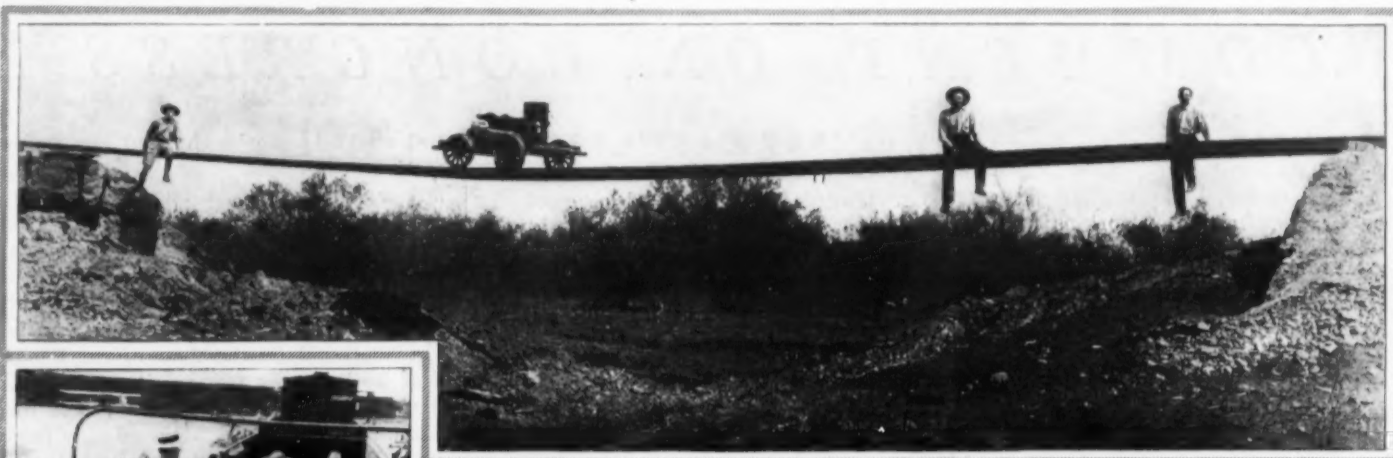
Not at His Best

SENATOR JAMES H. REED of Missouri is an able and forceful debater, as these words will show; but he was not at his best when he uttered them:

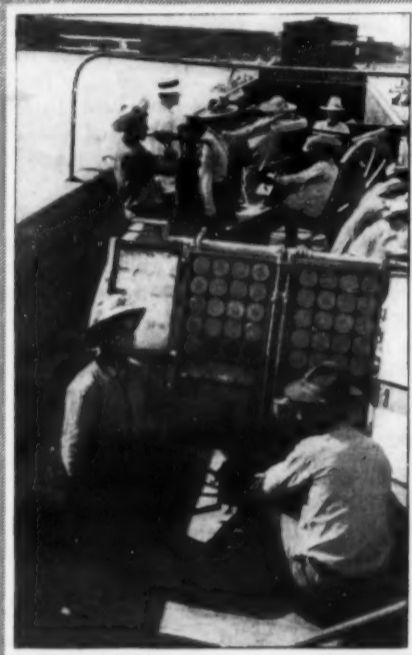
If you have a bird that is not of any use except for its feathers, and has no occupation but eating fish which furnish food, just of what value is that bird except for its feathers? What does the Senator think God Almighty made it for, anyway? Certainly a heron is not an ornament? . . .

I really honestly want to know why there should be any sympathy or sentiment about a long-legged, long-beaked, long-necked bird that lives in swamps and eats tadpoles and fish and crawfish and things of that kind; why we should worry ourselves into a frenzy because some lady adorns her hat with one of its feathers, which appears to be the only use it has. . . .

The House had put in the tariff bill a tariff provision intended to make it easier to protect wild birds from extermination. The Senate committee, at the request of feather dealers, rejected the provision. The fight in behalf of the birds was led very ably by Senator McLean of Connecticut. Senator Reed's contributions to the debate would indicate lack of sympathy—indeed, lack of familiarity with what is probably the dominant economic principle of the present day in America. Conservation is the theory that none of the resources of the world shall be used up in the present generation, nor be wasted, but shall be so used as to conserve the supply for the future. It is a safe guess that no statesman who in the present day opposes conservation will get very far or last very long.



The burning of a wooden railway bridge left a section of track hanging high. A homeward-bound New York business man and his wife crossed in a motor car installed upon the suspended rails



In the battle of Santa Rosa, last month, some of the fighting was done from these embattled box cars

Huerta's "Pacified" Mexico

THE pictures on this page were taken in the northern part of Mexico. But other sections, too, are still suffering from the conditions of warfare. Fighting still continues not only in the northern States but also in many places south of the Federal district, as well as along the west coast. Most living commodities throughout Mexico have gone up as high as 50 per cent, while the value of the Mexican dollar has shrunk to about 38 cents.

Guaymas, in the State of Sonora, the chief seaport of the west coast of Mexico, has been in a state of siege from the day Huerta assumed charge of affairs. From Nogales on the north to Ortiz on the south, the Southern Pacific Railway is held by the rebel forces; at many points the road is virtually destroyed. From Ortiz to Guaymas it is held and used by the Federals. It is estimated that it would take \$75,000,000 to repair the damage to railways alone.

The pictures above and below give but a faint notion of what has been happening to the roads, which have been at the mercy of the revolutionists since the original Madero uprising against Diaz. For hundreds of miles at a stretch all water tanks have been destroyed. Ties have been burned and the rails buried along the right of way. The bonds of these roads are

held largely in the United States and Canada. During the continuance of the attitude of neutrality announced by President Wilson, J. P. Morgan, speaking for his firm, has declared against lending any more money to Mexico. Before the announcement of the Administration's policy, however, a loan was negotiated in Paris in which some American bankers participated.

U. S. Battleship as Post Office

There is practically no shipping. The local steamship company, which owns a fleet of large steamers, has withdrawn them all with the exception of two or three small craft. American and other nations have lost many millions through this cessation of traffic. Some have lost their entire fortunes. The Banco de Sonora, the State bank, with headquarters at Hermosillo and half a dozen branches in the State, has closed its doors in Mexico and established an office in Los Angeles. The people at Guaymas and Sonora have been compelled to pay enormous prices for food, and in many cases have actually suffered from lack of it. The commander of the United States battleship *Louisiana* at Guaymas has done much to help the residents of that section. Recently, for instance, the rebels cut off the water supply of Guaymas for two weeks. The commander of the *Louisiana* succeeded in establishing a truce, and the supply was restored. Also, he contrives to keep up a mail service between that port and the United States. All mail leaving from that region must have a rebel, a Federal, and a United States stamp. It is taken by the battleship and sent to Salina Cruz and thence north, requiring a month's time to reach New York.

The photographs were all taken within the past few weeks, and some of them came by way of the battleship *Louisiana*.

ROBY DANENBAUM.



Federal troops in a train made up of cattle cars on their way to engage rebels



Taken after an engagement between Federals and rebels at Nogales, Sonora, which adjoins Nogales, Ariz.



The train was held up in Sonora by rebels. A New York man aboard happened to know the leader of the band and secured safe conduct for the passengers. The cars, however, were derailed and wrecked



Ty Cobb's Fortunes

THE various Leagues of Life are well stocked with .250 hitters and a fair scattering of those who hit .300. But in each League of Existence, whether the Game be medicine, law, statesmanship, or baseball, those who range up around the .400 mark are as far apart as the outposts of a Siberian frontier. And, therefore, being so few, their value to the game and their recompense are all the greater. Ty Cobb is one of these very, very few in baseball. Therefore Mr. Cobb rides in automobiles, is the guest of Senators and Congressmen in Washington, and is warmly welcomed when he calls on President Wilson. Cobb's value to the Detroit Club—or to any club—is not to be estimated. As

a piece of baseball flesh he is priceless. He draws a salary of \$12,500 annually, and probably draws in twice that much at the gate. He has led his league five or six years at bat and has led at one time or another in all other departments appertaining to his work. Manager Clarke Griffith of Washington recently offered \$100,000 for Cobb, according to report. The offer was treated as a rare jest at the time, but if Mr. Navin had sold his star for even \$100,000, he might as well have set fire to his \$500,000 grand stand on the same day, involving thereby a net loss of only \$400,000 on the deal. Needless to say Cobb is still with Detroit and Mr. Griffith still has his \$100,000.

Ragtime Reaches the Stars

A "RAGTIME" birthday party was given at Celigny, near Lausanne, Switzerland, by Ernest Schelling for his friend, Ignace Paderewski. "Ragtime" and "cubist" music was the feature. In the picture, from left to right, are Paderewski, Leopold Stokowski, the Portuguese Minister at Berne, Mme. Schelling, Rudolf Ganz, Mme. Paderewski, the French Ambassador, M. Roussey of Lausanne, Schelling, and Saint-Saëns.



Side Partner and Law Partner

MRS. BIRD S. MCGUIRE, wife of the Congressman from the First Oklahoma District, is utilizing her Washington sojourn as an opportunity for the study of law. This autumn she will enroll in a regular law school, and rumor says she will form a law partnership with her husband under the firm name of McGuire & McGuire.



Editorial Comment

Congress at School

THE HEARINGS AT WASHINGTON on the currency bill have been an undivided gain; it is already evident that the rather harsh and, we believe, quite unworkable measure originally proposed will undergo much modification before it is finally voted on for passage. Congress is learning that a system which has taken a half century to develop is not to be remade in a day. We believe a doubt is growing if it be safe or feasible to intrust to the more or less arbitrary control of a board of seven men the two billions of capital and eleven billions of resources of our national banks. The fundamental object is to promote a greater fluidity of banking capital and loanable money in our banks. Unquestionably this could best be achieved through the same methods which have proved so efficient in other commercial nations, namely, systems of branch banks. But if this is not at present feasible, there are, we believe, three provisions that might be incorporated which would go far toward the same end. The first of these would permit the acceptance of commercial bills by the national banks. Such acceptances are in general use in all countries, and mean in effect that the smallest cotton planter in Mississippi or orchard rancher in Idaho could, if his credit is good at his local bank, borrow from New York or London. Second, to permit the new regional banks to establish as many branches as they like, not only in the city where they are located as now provided for, but throughout the whole district; and then accord the same privilege to all national banks. Third, to invite subscriptions from the public to the capital stock of the new regional banks, instead of assessing the national banks 10 per cent on their capital as now proposed. These central banks would thus eventually become huge reservoirs of very liquid funds. There is no investment of greater solidity and fair average return (about 5 per cent) than stock in national banks, and the new regional banks ought to attract large subscriptions. By this means the foundation would be laid for a strong central banking system, under governmental control.

Signs of Sanity

BUT THERE IS ONE "currency problem" which seems still a *pons asinorum* to Congressional (and many editorial) minds. Deep are the roots of prejudice. An amendment to the new currency bill, looking toward the guarantee of bank deposits, is voted down sharply; and this is widely hailed as a "sign of returning sanity." It seems incredible that a measure which would do more than any other to forefend banking panics, and work incalculable good, should meet with such opposition. What is the chief cause of a "panic"? Lack of confidence. Every crisis is preceded, and usually precipitated, by heavy withdrawals of funds from the banks. But with deposits guaranteed there would be no such withdrawals. No one could doubt now the stability of our whole banking system with twenty billions of resources. There would be no premium on recklessness or dishonesty. A bank must have capital, and shareholders have an additional liability. Will the shareholders permit the looting of their banks any faster because the depositor is guaranteed? The guarantee fund is merely an emergency fund. The Government would simply stand ready to pay any needy depositor, and it would take possession of all assets. The average loss would be less than a tenth of 1 per cent of all deposits per annum. That to the average bank would be less than the lowest salary of any clerk. The direct gain to the banks' earnings would pay this a dozen times over. The gain to the public and to the stability of trade would be immense. Twenty years from now men will marvel that it was not done long ago. The only serious hindrance is the rooted prejudices of 25,000 excellent men who have not yet learned the age-old principle that in union there is strength.

The New Haven Scandal

LAST WINTER *COLLIER'S* published two lengthy articles showing in detail that under the Mellen administration from fifty to one hundred millions had been taken from the New Haven Railroad treasury through the reckless purchase of competing lines, trolley lines, steamboat lines, wharves, terminals, and everything that could promote a monopoly of transportation in New England. At the time it was given out that these "scandalous misrepresentations" would be answered in the court. They were not. The real answer was, first,

the organization of a stockholders' committee, then the resignation of Mr. MELLEEN, the reduction of the dividend, and lately the suggestion that it will be taken off altogether, and finally the retirement of J. P. Morgan & Co. as fiscal agents of the road. A new president of engaging personality is employed and vital reforms are promised. But while Mr. MELLEEN is allowed to go, under fire, the Board of Directors, which stood behind Mr. MELLEEN and which voted and approved the purchase of railways, trolleys, and the like at fantastic prices, remains. There is no proposal to call Mr. MELLEEN to an accounting—indeed that would probably do little good. We do not believe that Mr. MELLEEN came in for any considerable share of the profits of manipulation. It is fairly clear that he was mostly a cat's-paw; and now he is voted \$30,000 a year for five years, to do nothing, and \$70,000 for his services in reducing the Boston & Maine to a state of near-bankruptcy. This largess presumably will overcome any tendency on his part to talk too freely. But how can President ELLIOTT or the New Haven shareholders hope to rehabilitate the New Haven when it is saddled with huge properties which cannot be made to pay, and is under the requirement of paying interest on around a hundred millions of capital for which the New Haven never received and has not now any equivalent whatever? The scandal of the New Haven will be cleared when all the present members of the Mellen Board of Directors are retired and when suits are instituted on behalf of the shareholders for the reckless and unscrupulous use of the New Haven's funds.

Gaynor

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK was a country boy who never became a rubber stamp. He was a rare American, for he contributed a personality to politics. We like the photographs that show him exercising his Airedale terriers at his St. James home, or scratching the back of a blooded sow with a long stick. The Mayor, who died suddenly on shipboard, was a stoic philosopher of the ambulatory school. He had stood face to face with death without flinching; he was a loyal friend and an unremitting enemy; was equally shrewd and testy; was able as lawyer, judge, and chief executive; was overpraised by admirers and harshly treated by opponents. His most important public services were rendered before his election as Mayor of our greatest city, in 1909; he was never truly himself after the attempt at assassination, which left a bullet in his throat. Wrong headed in his attitude toward police scandals and District Attorney WHITMAN, who probed them, he remained capable of great independence. Tammany refused to renominate him as Mayor—in itself a certificate of character. Then came his independent candidacy, and his denunciation of MURPHY and his pals as "a little coterie of men who follow politics as a dishonest trade." Pungent of speech, GAYNOR was a master of letter writing. He ran to short sentences, and preferred the shorter of two words whenever it said as much as the longer one. His simplicity and directness smacked of his favorite books—MARCUS AURELIUS, EPICETUS, the "Autobiographies" of CELLINI and FRANKLIN, the Bible. It was not so much that GAYNOR had read many books as that he had read and reread thoughtfully. He regarded newspaper criticism of himself as unjustified, talking in public of our "rag-bag press," and welcoming a correspondent's comparison of his fortunes and LINCOLN's, even while confessing that he did not deserve it. "I have had a pretty tough time of it, but I have borne it the best I can," he wrote to a sympathizer. "You ask me to give an interview saying 'What I would say to the readers of 3,000 newspapers,'" he replied to a request of the National Publicity Bureau. "I would say to them to be very careful about believing all they see in the newspaper." When all is said, one admires GAYNOR for a "rattling, battling old boy" (W. M. REEDY's phrase). His death leaves the contest for Mayor of New York open to Judge MCCALL of Tammany and to young JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, Fusionist. MCCALL has all the king's horses and all the king's men, but MITCHEL is the man to succeed GAYNOR.

Wanted: A Genius!

STILL YOUR ARGUMENTS about the tariff; forget for a moment all your private business. A great undertaking that defied the resources of the Suez Canal maker and the Old World's greatest republic is brought to triumphant conclusion by your Federal Government. Without whisper of slander or hint of graft, your engineers



have conquered a deadly climate, brought sufficient labor into the jungle, drained and leveled and erected, until the Panama Canal is become a fact. The dry excavation was finished ten days ahead of schedule; dredging remains, but with the waters of the two oceans flowing into the great locks the end is within grasp. The Panama Canal is one of the world's nine wonders; to gaze upon it is to feel like the "watcher of the skies"

When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout CORTEZ, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Have we no poet to chant this achievement of French imagining, American perseverance, and many-nationed muscle? He need not undertake to make official history of his poem; KEATS in his sonnet unjustly named CORTEZ instead of BALBOA, but that scarcely affects the grandeur of the poetry. The Panamanian scene is as rich in legend and history as it is in vegetation; buccaneers have anchored in the sleepy old Spanish ports of the Isthmus; BERNHARDT acted in a gala performance at the Panama Theatre when poor old DE LESSEPS set to work digging the trenches GOETHALS was to complete; all the races have met and mingled and diced and prayed and cursed and labored in the city made sanitary by GORGAS and his men. State socialism has had a partial trial in UNCLE SAM's paternal administration of his Canal Zone. The theme is tremendous; your poet would have an epic on his hands unless he chose just one side of it all. Here a few of its minor incidents are noted—nothing of the tremendous battle with Nature, nothing of the meaning of the victory. Who can make a great poem out of this great adventure? Will it be some poet whom we already know and love, or will some youngster burst full fledged into greatness, soaring high upon a large imagination? Some of the greatest poems in the past have been paid for only in posterity's admiration. We hope that the digging of the Panama Canal will evoke a poem as great as any occasional poem in the past—and if it does we shall see to it that its author receives a bigger check for it than MILTON did for "Paradise Lost."

Thaw

HIGH ON THE TIGHT ROPE OF THE LAW an insane murderer jiggles grotesquely between two nations, a scandal to both. Since his crime every trick, legal, ultralegal, and extralegal, has been tried in his behalf until the law itself has become a stench in the nostrils of decent folk. His escape, presumably accomplished through bribery, was different in kind rather than in degree of shamefulness from the former attempts to set him at liberty. That he will be haled back to Matteawan, probably before these words get into print, seems reasonably assured. His reincarceration will check a public peril; it will not absolve a public dishonor. Under the pressure of his millions legal justice is shown to be, not an infallible principle, but a rattled and permeable fabric. If the disgrace, national, even international, in scope, shall result in a reconstruction of our homicide laws, there will have been some small compensation. And, to complete and round out this nauseous foulness, while the spokesman of the family exults in print over the downfall of the law, a New York theatre offers daily EVELYN NESBIT THAW as the final insult.

Judges for Life

AMERICAN LAWYERS who attended the Bar Association meeting at Montreal found themselves in a land where judges are appointed for life and everybody is satisfied. Ex-President TAFT spoke for the life-tenure system for the United States. This is TAFT's legitimate attitude; for it is the antipodes to the recall either of judges or their decisions. Yet no well-read lawyer in Canada or from the United States could have been unaware of the fact that makes impossible here the system which works so well in Canada and Great Britain. Their judges have no power over legislation. They do not pass on the constitutionality of laws. They do not, as our judges do, govern their country. British and British-Imperial Parliaments are supreme. They may pass any sort of law they please, and the courts must accept the law as passed. Their courts have no political power. Our courts possess the power of saying the last word in government. Their judges may well be appointed for life; and if ours were merely abiders of controversies between individuals we might safely follow the same system. But as long as our courts sit above the legislatures and executives elected by the people, to the

extent that they are independent of the popular will, they constitute an irresponsible, even though learned and respectable, oligarchy. If ex-President TAFT desires the adoption and extension of the excellent British system here, let him advocate it as a whole.

What Brand?

ON THE EVENING of August 29 WILLIAM J. FISHER, a clerk of the Isthmian Canal Commission, returned to his lodgings at Chevy Chase, near Washington. FISHER boarded with a Mr. and Mrs. W. L. ALTDORFER—the former a contributor to newspapers and magazines. He found ALTDORFER, crazed with drink, had driven his wife from home and was assaulting his orphan ward, Miss LILLIAN REESE. FISHER interfered, and in the struggle which followed killed ALTDORFER with a pair of scissors. The dead man "had been drinking freely for some days," adds the Washington "Times." That is enough to explain how a man was changed into a brute—but *who made and who dispensed poor ALTDORFER's death-dealing whisky?* For what brand of poison did he pay the highest price of all—life? With the portraits of FISHER and ALTDORFER should have been published in the press the portrait of the man who got the money for this particular homicide.

Is Anything New?

THE OBJECTION not infrequently made to the realistic "intimate" drama, the drama of IBSEN, STRINDBERG, and the younger English playwrights, is excellently expressed—from the objector's point of view—in the following quotation:

We have been spoiled with the exclusive and all-devouring drama of everyday life; where, instead of the fictitious, half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy), we recognize ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kin-folk, allies, patrons, enemies—the same as in life—with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial that we cannot afford our moral judgment in its deepest and most vital results to compromise or slumber for a moment. . . . I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience—I come back to my cage and restraint the fresher and more healthy for it.

No, these are not the words of some Broadway critic objecting to the "new" drama. They were written by CHARLES LAMB nearly a century ago and referred to the artificial comedies of an earlier day whose absence from the English stage is lightly mourned.

A Friendly Tip

WILL THE HUMAN WELFARE COMMITTEE of the Progressive party in Kansas please buttonhole VICTOR MURDOCK and lecture him quietly on the management of his newspaper, the Wichita "Eagle"? While the Congressman has been saving the United States at Washington the "Eagle's" advertising manager has been accepting altogether too many preposterous patent-medicine ads. Moreover, too many of these are of a particularly nauseating kind, such as the "Eagle's" younger readers should be spared the sight of. JOSEPHUS DANIELS's "News and Observer," which Raleigh, N. C., ought to be proud of on most counts, doesn't shut its columns to the quacks, but is infinitely less hospitable than VICTOR's "Eagle." We suppose JOSEPHUS just has to take that medicine dope—the cost of living in Washington is so high for Mr. BRYAN's colleagues who don't travel the vaudeville circuit. A considerable number of our Congressmen, Governors, and Cabinet officers nowadays are journalists of one brand or another. For their own good they ought to maintain high standards—both editorially and in the advertising they print.

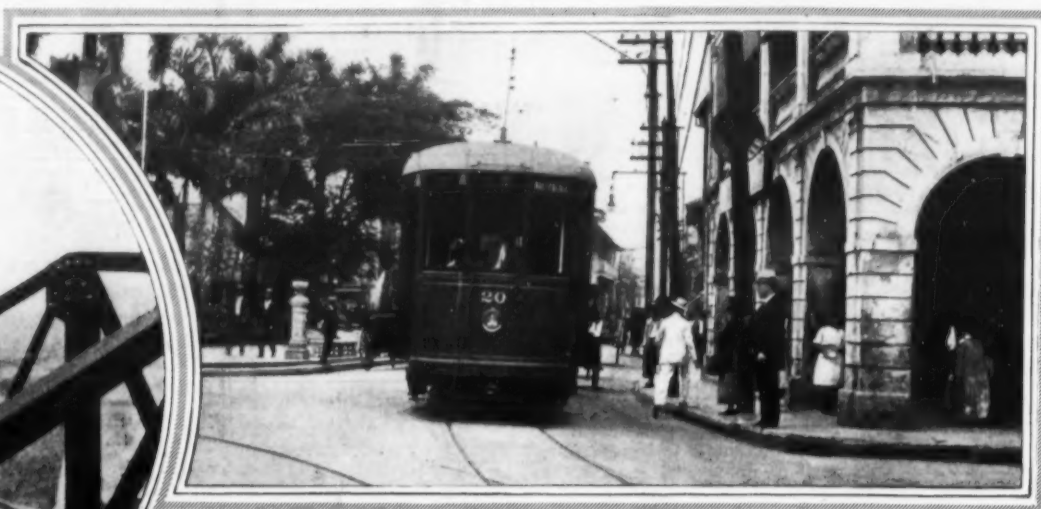
Youth

IT DOES NOT AVAIL that "the best things have all been said," that truth is more nobly expressed in the Greek drama than in twentieth-century fiction, that woman's unrest and man's weariness were analyzed by philosophers in early days, that human brotherhood was a beautiful dream in the mind of Hebrew prophets; that we are but repeating old experiments. Each new generation, in the person of its living members, which are its youth, will not content itself with the records and manuscripts of past failures and past perfections. It does not care for the past. It desires to hear its own voice, to live its own life. Its future, as it unrolls, may prove to be only the shadow of an ancient glory or the repetition of a great mischance. Its words, its literature, may be but a feeble restatement of the utterance of bards and playwrights who saw all life and wrote of it imperishably. Never mind. Youth elects to be alive among its fellows, not to tone down among the elders.



Risks and Wages of a Steeplejack

"OUR wages," says S. E. Killian, a Washington "steeplejack," speaking for his craft, "are \$5 a day up to 400 feet, and 20 cents per foot a day above that level; hence, when a man is working 700 feet in the air, he is generally getting \$65 a day." And the pay may rise upward of \$100 a day. In the construction of the Government wireless towers at Arlington, Va., of which the tallest is 800 feet, Mr. Killian received \$125 for painting the flagpole, which took twenty minutes after he got up. For painting the 600 feet of elevator shaft, with but one landing, and that at the top, he received \$900. In the picture he is sitting on part of the "crow's nest," 600 feet above ground, where the wires are attached. So perilous is this employment that no company will insure a steeplejack, and Lloyds will issue a policy only at 50 per cent—a prohibitive rate. Habit rules in this as in other trades, and "we don't even wear the so-called safety belt they give us," observes Mr. Killian, "and that alone is enough to lose a suit for damages." The safety belt, attaching the man to whatever he is working on, weighs twenty pounds, and is regarded as too heavy for comfort.

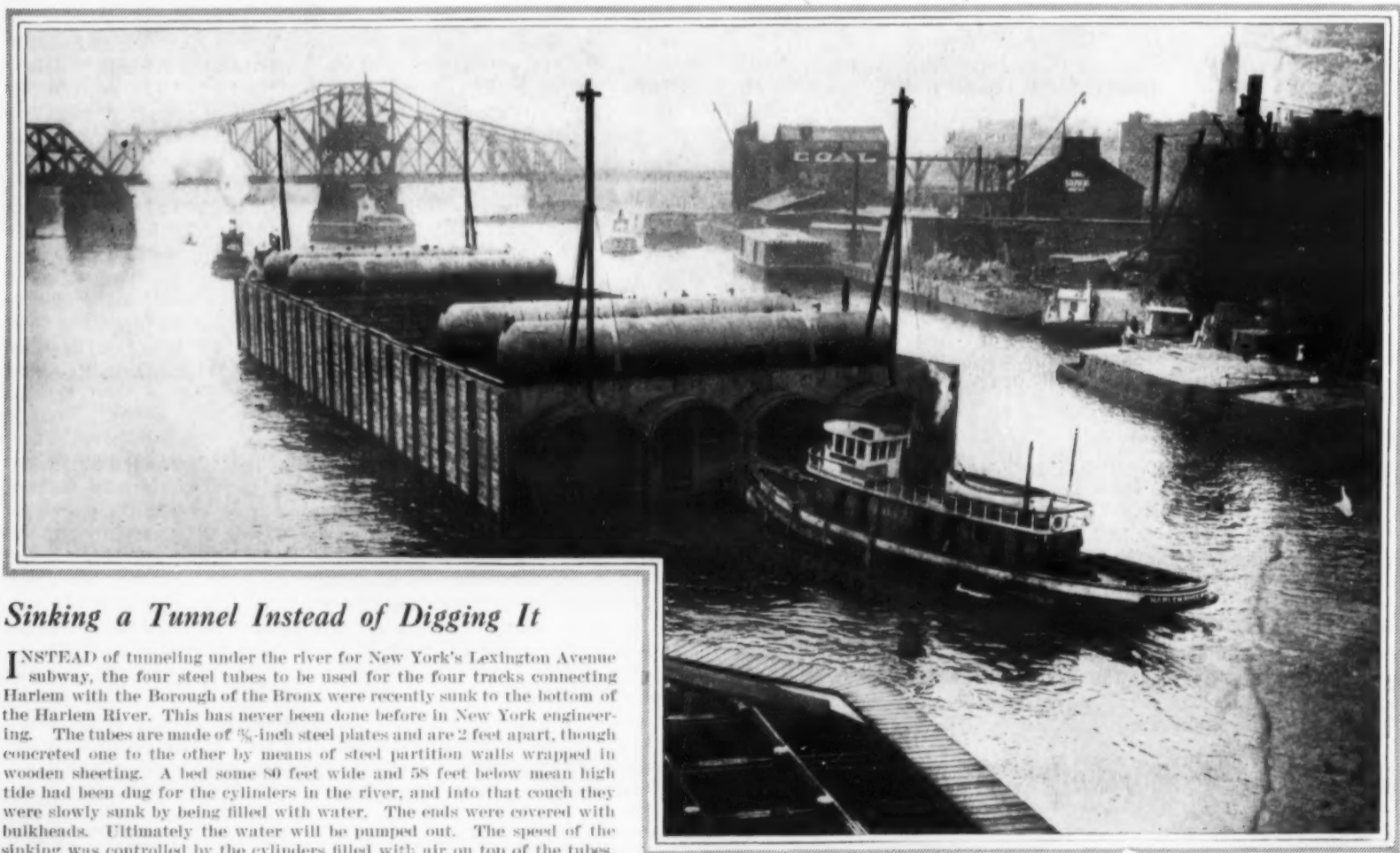


Boosting Panama by Electric Traction

THE drowsiness of the sleepy Central American republics described in O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings" is broken forever. The Republic of Panama has recently been equipped by New York business men with ten miles of electric tramways, operating in both the republic and in the Canal Zone. The businesslike car in the picture starts near the National Palace in the city of Panama and runs to Ancon in the Canal Zone, passing through Balboa, La Boca, and Saboras. It is an axiom that prosperity follows the tramway, and real estate values in those romantic seats are on the rise. Balboa is the Pacific terminus of the Panama Canal. The Government of the United States is building an extensive harbor there, and barracks will also be built near by. Panama City itself desires to be declared a free port, that is to serve as a loading and unloading station for ships irrespective of customs. Its population is said to have increased by about twelve thousand in two years. It looks as though the electric line would be a profitable venture.



"FISHING BY PROXY" might be the title of this picture. This Japanese fisherman employs trained cormorants to catch a species of trout called Ayu. Every bird has a ring round its neck to prevent it from being led into temptation and swallowing its catch. Every bird answers to its name, and when on duty has a string tied to it; the skilled fisherman often controls as many as ten birds by those leashes.



Sinking a Tunnel Instead of Digging It

INSTEAD of tunneling under the river for New York's Lexington Avenue subway, the four steel tubes to be used for the four tracks connecting Harlem with the Borough of the Bronx were recently sunk to the bottom of the Harlem River. This has never been done before in New York engineering. The tubes are made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch steel plates and are 2 feet apart, though concreted one to the other by means of steel partition walls wrapped in wooden sheeting. A bed some 80 feet wide and 58 feet below mean high tide had been dug for the cylinders in the river, and into that couch they were slowly sunk by being filled with water. The ends were covered with bulkheads. Ultimately the water will be pumped out. The speed of the sinking was controlled by the cylinders filled with air on top of the tubes.



From left to right these men are Ex-Senator Kavanaugh, Judge Joe Asher, Governor Major of Missouri, Governor Hays of Arkansas, and Mayor Charles E. Taylor of Little Rock. They really worked like this



Governor Hays of Arkansas (left) and Mayor Taylor of Little Rock as they appeared on the roads

"Good Roads" Enthusiasm in Arkansas

FOLLOWING the example of Missouri, and in keeping with the awakened progressive spirit of the State of Arkansas, a small array of men in practically every county in the State responded to the proclamation issued by Governor George W. Hays on August 16, making September 3 and 4 State-wide holidays and calling upon the citizens of the State to come out and put the roads in order. In round figures Governor Hays estimates that 2,000 miles of State highways were worked on those two days by 100,000 men and 15,000 teams and dozens of traction engines and other road-building machinery in the seventy-five counties in the State.

City bankers and business men worked side by side with day laborers; merchants with their country customers. Sedate county judges threw ceremony to the winds and grasped a pick handle. The good-roads fire which had been slumbering burst forth spontaneously.

Ten thousand Arkansas women fed the good knights of the pick and shovel, and the appetizing odor of the peach cobbler and green apple pie floated on the breezes.

Governor Hays threw aside all cares of the State, and with Reuben "Good Roads" Dye, Chairman and Chief Executive of the State Highway Commission, Mayor Charles E. Taylor of Little Rock, and other State and county officials, led an army of 1,000 strong to the battle ground on Sweet Home Pike. The regulation uniform was blue overalls, the kind with the bib and deep pockets, wide-brimmed old-fashioned hickory hats, and the primitive red bandanna tied in a clout knot about the throat. By taking a pick

and shovel and getting on the real job himself, Governor Hays has broken down class distinction and has put the solid strength of one and one-half million pairs of shoulders solidly behind the movement.

With Governor Hays was his friend and neighbor, Elliott W. Major, Governor of Missouri, the guest of the State of Arkansas. Elliott W. Major's face never loses a smile or the suggestion of a smile except when he gets on the good-roads subject. It grows earnest then with enthusiasm, his eyes snap and he smacks his hands together vigorously.

Governor Hays estimates the direct value of the work which was done on September 3 and 4 at \$750,000. That is the least it accomplished. Indirectly it has been worth millions. Already the good-roads spirit created by the occasion has been the direct cause of contracts being let for approximately 200 miles of concrete and macadam road in Lonoke, Pulaski, Woodruff, Jefferson, Phillips, and Pope Counties, and this spirit has penetrated into the most isolated sections of the State. It is so strong that it will bring universal State sentiment to bear on the Legislature at its next session, which will insure the building of permanent cross-State highways during the next decade.

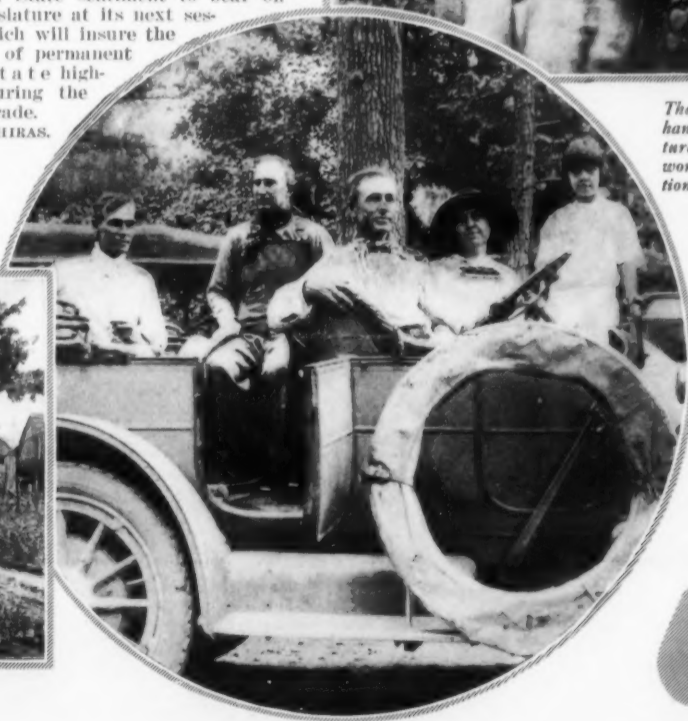
TOM SHIRAS.



The businesslike telephone hanging on a tree was a feature of the Arkansas good-roads work. With such organization patriotism must prosper



In Greene County they allowed a couple of traction engines to do some of the work



The two Governors, Hays and Major, are taking a siesta with Mayor Taylor and his family in the Mayor's car. In a few minutes they resumed the work

"Bucking the Tiger"

By C. Hilton-Turvey

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

TIM MULCARTY stood leaning against the bar. Out of the tail of his eye he discerned a plaid shawl that looked familiar, in close juxtaposition to the swinging door that gave to the street. In a moment it disappeared. A plump red face took its place under the door.

"Timmie!"

Tim set his glass down with a bang, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and glared fiercely about, defying anyone to call his attention to the summons.

The man beside him leaned over and plucked him by the sleeve. "Hey, Tim, yer wife wants you." He pointed to the anxious face under the door.

"Let 'er," responded Tim briefly.

A pause ensued, during which another nickel of Mrs. Mulcarty's wash money changed hands, and Tim dipped his red mustache into a fresh glass.

"If yez don't quit drinkin' an' come home," came the outraged voice at the door, "ye'll git the valerian trimmin's again, just like the doctor said ye would."

"G'wan away!"

"Ye'll be seein' sna-akes," she whispered hoarsely. "Bate it!"

"An' woid bastes av all colors an' koids," she went on in a bloodcurdling tone. "Ye know how yer scar't ye last time till ye all but shlipped out av yer skin."

Mulcarty grinned sheepishly around at the men in the barroom.

WITH tact worthy of a higher social stratum, they gazed at their boots, seemingly oblivious to the embarrassment of the situation. These domestic annoyances would occur—it might be their own turn to-morrow.

Tim leaned down unsteadily till his eyes were on a level with her face. "They'd niver scare me again," he boasted, "now I know they weren't there at all, at all. Didn't the doctor tell me that same? 'Watch me walk through thim, Tim, man,' sez he. An' with that he up an' marches right through the elephant that had stud on me chest till it had near broke me ribs—Och! sure I'd niver be afraid av thim animiles now if they came in droves!"

He turned suddenly to preserve his balance. His elbow caught the edge of his glass. Over it went, spilling beer in all directions.

"Now see what ye've did!" he boomed, striding beligerently toward the door. "G'wan home where wimmin belongs—bad cess to thim!"

The worried countenance of Mrs. Mulcarty disappeared, with a final wigwag of the plaid shawl. Up to a certain point Tim was good-natured docility itself, but beyond that—



"An' with that he up an' marches right through the elephant that had stud on me chest!"

He came back triumphantly and braced himself against the bar once more, while his companions resumed their interrupted conversation.

At twelve o'clock Mulcarty kicked open the door of the saloon and, bidding the proprietor good night, stepped into the street with his companions. They were all more or less unsteady on their pins, and, according to their several individualities, hilarious, melancholy, or rambunctious. As for Tim, liquor bred in him a truculent contempt for everyone who crossed his path. Therefore Mrs. Mulcarty, who had waited patiently for him in the shadows, kept at a respectful distance behind him without unduly advertising her presence.

At the corner the men separated, going in diverse directions that imaged the spokes of a wheel.

Tim's street was deserted. The pavement rang under his martial tread. He stepped along with the stiffly exaggerated dignity of one preceded by a brass band.

Something stole toward him on padded feet—something that looked like a huge gray shadow, slinking in the blacker shadow of the houses.

It passed under the glare of a street light.

THAT long, sinuous body, with powerful muscles sliding under the tawny striped hide—the great head lowered sniffing to the pavement—the savage green eyes looking furtively around as it glided along—

"A tiger!" Tim whispered, his mouth dry as a bone. He stood rooted to the pavement. His red thatch began to rise slowly on his head. He could feel every separate hair bristle.

Then suddenly his manner changed. He threw back his head and laughed shortly.

The tiger, attracted by the sound, looked up and saw him. It gave vent to a low, rumbling growl.

On the heels of the ominous noise came a woman's shriek. "Run, Timmie! It'll eat ye!"

Mulcarty's back stiffened as if his wife had dropped a poker down his coat. Ha! she would try to frighten him, would she, with a tiger that wasn't there—he'd show her!

He swaggered toward the beast with all the dignity he could command, keeping in mind the doctor's astounding trick with the elephant. As he came he snatched out of an ash barrel a protruding broomstick and brandished it truculently.

The tiger was puzzled. It took a ponderous pace forward, its eyes gleaming in the dim light. It snarled savagely.

Mrs. Mulcarty fled with a parting screech of terror.

As she disappeared round the corner, Tim raised the broomstick and brought it down smartly on the tiger's nose.

"Be off to the gas works where yez belong, ye shade

of nawthin'!" he bawled contemptuously.

The great cat flattened its ears and spat viciously at him, but, awed by his impressive manner, it turned in its own length and slunk along the edge of the houses in the opposite direction.

The belligerent Tim strode after it, commenting profanely on the tiger, its ancestors, and everything else in heaven or earth that came to mind bearing even dimly upon the subject of tigers.

From time to time it paused and lowered upon its pursuer.

"Step along!" Tim commanded in his deep Irish voice. "Step along, or I'll twist the tail off av yez!"

At the next corner a group of loafers stood and stared a moment, then scattered to the four winds with yelps of apprehension, falling over each other in an ecstasy of haste.

MULCARTY guffawed: "I'm not the only wan has meskates on to-night—we do all be seein' things."

A woman shuffled toward them, her head wrapped in a shawl. She bore a medicine bottle and a white paper prescription. At sight of the oncoming tiger she stared, open-mouthed, in utter unbelief. Then yells burst from her, one after another, like balls of colored fire from a Fourth of July rocket. She groveled on the ground, and still groveling, rolled with phenomenal celerity into the gutter.

Tim Mulcarty looked grave. He shook his finger at her as he passed. "'Tis a foine neighborhood," he observed reprovingly, "where the wimmin ta-akes to drink an' laves their babes to starve in the cra-a-dle."

The windows began to go up along the route, a natural result of the woman's screams still pouring from the gutter. But no one could see what Tim Mulcarty drove before him with drunken zeal, for the tiger kept close in to the line of the houses where the shadow was deepest. Some of the more curious came running down into the street, only to retreat in the liveliest confusion, hardly able to command their trembling legs to escape.

A wagon clattered by. The horse shied to the far curb, then bolted.

The tiger paused to look after it, blinking in the electric light that swung overhead.

Tim lifted the broom in a threatening gesture. There was an alleyway between two houses, with an ornamental iron gate that chanced to stand open. He headed the tiger off with a sharp blow on the nose.

"Git on in there, ye bit av striped moonshine!" he bawled, weary of driving wild illusions through agitated multitudes. "Will I have to pull yez along be the whuskers?"

The beast hesitated, snarling savagely. But the cries of the crowd, the overwhelming strangeness of the city street with its overpowering odors, the dominance of the human who drove it without a particle of fear, were too much for it. It turned and slunk into the cage-like entrance, its belly to the ground.

Hardly had Tim clanged the gate shut and put the broom handle through the broken fastening as a bolt, when two men came running in hot haste. One was in his shirt sleeves, with top boots and a red vest. He carried a whip with a long lash. Four other men followed in a high state of excitement. A circus wagon swung round the corner, all scarlet and gold in the light from the street lamp.

THE man in the red vest turned to Tim. "Have you seen anything of a tiger?" he asked breathlessly.

"Have I seen annythin' av a tiger?" he repeated with ponderous contempt. "Ta-a-ke a piece av advice now, if yez can't lave drink alone. When ye see tigers an' such, don't notice thim—walk right through thim."

The other men rushed up.

"Where is he?" they cried excitedly.

Tim leaned against the gate. His truculence was



"Git on in there, ye bit av striped moonshine!" he bawled, weary of driving wild illusions through agitated multitudes

leaving him. He began to yearn for bed. "Where's who?" he asked stupidly.

"A Bengal tiger escaped from the circus this evening. Some one told us it came this way. Everyone's life is in danger till it is caught—"

TIM'S head came forward with a jerk. "A rule loive baste?" he asked.

"Would a dead one walk?" flung out one of the men impatiently.

"Wild fur on it?" Tim pursued, his brain beginning to clear a path for the idea.

"Hark at him!" broke in another, frantic at the delay. "Whoever seen a bald tiger?"

The man with the red vest strode up angrily. "See here!" he thundered. "The tiger I'm lookin' for had all its hide on when it left. Perhaps the populace has plucked it for paint brushes—I don't know. This ain't no time for jokin'—if you've seen the tiger I mean, it has four legs an' a striped hide, an' strong jaws with teeth, an'—"

For the first time Tim observed the circus wagon with its iron bars at the end, and the white, anxious face of the driver looking out as they parleyed.

He waited to hear no more. With a yell that drew from the tiger an answering bellow, he took to his heels, shying at everything in his path as he went, and calling on all the saints to save his hide. "Och! wirra,

wirra, if I'd a knowd it was a rule wan!" was the burden of his anguished meditations.

When he reached the tumble-down shanty he called home, he waited a moment to compose himself, his hand on the latch, his head over both shoulders at once. He was cold sober by this time—the chills chasing each other up his back, the drops of water chasing each other down his face. "Sure," he muttered fearfully to himself, "I've been in games av chanst munny's the toime—the shell game, an' polly-see, an' who's got the button, an' all av thim—but I niver 'bucked the tiger' wid such odds agin me, niver!"

He turned the knob and walked in. It was dark. Mrs. Mulcarty was nowhere to be seen. He began to be nervous. Had the tiger got away while he was chewing the rag an' et up the wife of his bosom? He backed out of the door, calling softly and fearfully.

A faint rattle of coal answered him.

HE ADVANCED boldly and shut the door behind him.

"Come out now!" he commanded sternly, carrying things off with a high hand to conceal his own trepidation. "Come out an' I'll settle wid ye for spillin' me evenin'—stickin' yer fa-a-ce under the dure!"

Thus entreated, Mrs. Mulcarty crept out from the coal bin, smudged and trembling.

"Timmie," she quavered, "the—the—would baste—Where is ut?"

"Bad scan to ye!" he returned gruffly, shivering in spite of himself. "Did ye think I brung it home in me pocket?"

THE next morning Tim Mulcarty woke to find himself the center of attraction. Hardly had he and his wife risen when the neighbors came knocking at the door to show them a "pixchure" purporting to be Tim Mulcarty, valiantly charging a tiger five times as large as himself, and a column of blood-curdling description of the events of the previous evening, headed: "THE HERO OF SCRUB STREET!"

This in spite of the fact that Tim had "niver had a fotograf took" in all his life. "Not that it looks a bit loike 'im," observed Mrs. Mulcarty, squinting at it right side up and upside down, trying to reconcile herself to Timmie's newly acquired beard and a piratical mustache he could tie back of his ears. "But how cud they ta-a-ke a good likeness av Timmie, an' him lyin' in bed fast asleep in the dar-rk, sure?"

The men were appealed to to straighten out the puzzle. They agreed to a man that "the pixchure was took be the wireless systim," and that it was a speakin' likeness of Tim, whatever way you held it.

While they were still excitedly spelling out the wondrous tale, a young man (Concluded on page 30)

The Place of Thanksgiving

Another Tepee Sketch

By Grace Coolidge

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER

WE WERE driving down the valley. Beside me was the ranchman. Behind, on the back seat, a little huddled in his voluminous fur coat, his keen face softened slightly as he mused, his eyes straying over the sunlit valley, sat the half-breed. The ranchman wheeled suddenly, pointing.

"Look!" he cried, "up there in the rocks, against the sky line—if it wasn't so preposterous I'd say that was a man."

I stared, too. "But surely—it's so far away, though—it looks like a man, standing under those rocks, on that little flat bit of red sand—But he's so still—"

"It can't be. What on earth would he be doing up there? It's far from water or roads or any person. What in the world—"

In his soft, slightly ironical voice the half-breed spoke. "It is a man," he said. "He's praying."

Over our shoulders we both looked back at him.

"Fasting and praying," pursued the half-breed.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Old Plenty Elk. I'm sure you know him. His wife's been sick all winter, very low, from what I hear. He's up there praying and fasting for her—three days and three nights."

"But—no water even?"

"Oh, no!"

WE STARED at the tiny, remote figure silhouetted against rocks and sky.

The soft, ironical voice went on: "He's making what you call an oblation. That's a little more than an offering, a little less than sacrifice, isn't it?"

Again we turned our faces toward the old man among the rocks.

"Does he think God is displeased with him?"

"He doesn't know, but he feels safer in doing what he can to placate Him." Then the half-breed laughed a little. "But I think God's hard to placate," he said.

There followed the slightest pause, which, strangely enough, seemed to verge on the uncomfortable.

"God must hear many sighs, many excuses," I began.

"And sometimes something better," broke in the half-breed. Then he laughed again. "At least from Indians," he added.

"What?" I queried.

"Well, thanksgiving, for instance." He made a little gesture toward the man who prayed. "Oblations—I remember once long ago, when I was a little chap and we used to trail about over these

prairies; after game, away from enemies, always driven by some spur or other, on, on—" He made a sudden pause. "We little ones used to bump along with the puppies and the bigger babies in the travois. You know what they are, don't you? The

see how any water could have got in that place, especially sweet water; neither did the Indians. They thought God must have put it there purposely. I remember particularly once in the summer when we reached it after a fearfully long, parched day. The whole stretch of country was so fiery we could feel the heat through the soles of our moccasins. The air trembled above the ground.

"As soon as we struck camp I made for that spring, and ran and threw myself down in the mud beside it, meaning to bury my face in its freshness. But suddenly my mother came striding to my side. She snatched me by a bare shoulder and had me upright in a trice. I can feel her fingers yet. They—pinched me. I looked up at her face, towering so far above me—you see I was a very little boy—and I heard her voice, hoarse and harsh with the dust that was in her throat. 'Stop!' she said, 'don't touch the water till you have first given thanks to God. Not one drop.' I stood beside her a long time, or so it seemed to me, her hand still upon my shoulder. But I did not thank God. I did nothing but just wait, sniffing the freshness of the water. She, however—I did not look at her, but she stood very quiet, quivering a little. I could feel her. Then she stooped and laid a piece of beadwork down by the spring. There were many similar pieces there, some quite old and worn by the weather. At last she knelt and drank. I knelt beside her."

"By Jove!" cried the ranchman, "this is all very interesting to me. Do you know I think that—I own that spring now."

"No one owned it then," murmured the half-breed. Then, under his breath: "Unless God did."

THE ranchman gave him a quick, uncertain look. "You know where my place is, I think." He spoke in his clear, hearty voice. "It lies way out in the Bad Lands, twenty miles from anybody. It was on account of the spring, of course, that I took that piece up. It's beautiful water, and never failing."

"I remember," said the half-breed.

"And just as you have said, there were all sorts of old beadwork things lying about it, and knives and flints—I don't know what all."

The half-breed leaned back in his seat. A long, gentle breath escaped him. "I wonder," he said, "if you ever found a little pair of moccasins—white they were, with a blue pattern. Oh! I remember them perfectly. My mother would leave them there that time, and how I cried! But I'm talking nonsense; of course they must have gone back to the elements years ago. Mine? Oh, yes, they were mine."



"Who is it?" I asked. "Old Plenty Elk. His wife's been sick all winter. He's up there praying and fasting for her—three days and three nights"

Indians sometimes trail tepee poles that way now, the slender ends tied on each side of a saddle, the others dragging. Well, sometimes we would all get spilled out, kids, puppies, all together." He chuckled softly. "And I remember that far out in the Bad Lands, east of here, a day's march in any direction from good water, there was a little spring. I don't

Overland



JAMES MONTEOMERY FLAGG

WE announced the 1914 Overland only five weeks ago. One month previous to this our entire 1914 production of 50,000 cars was contracted for.

Today, just thirty-five days after our initial public announcement, we have on hand over 10,000 immediate shipping orders. This represents a business of over \$10,000,000.00. Such is the overwhelming public demand and demonstration of appreciation created by the introduction of our newest model.

Brief Specifications:

35 H. P. Motor
Timken Bearings

114 inch Wheel Base
Cowl Dash

33 inch x 4 inch Tires, Q. D.
Turkish Upholstery

\$ 95



Copyright 1913 by the Willys-Overland Company

250

THE motor is larger; the wheel base is longer; the tires are larger; the tonneau is roomier; the equipment is finer; body has graceful European cowl dash and is richly finished in dark Brewster green, edged with lighter green stripings, and trimmed in heavy polished nickel and aluminum.

See the Overland dealer in your town. Handsome 1914 catalogue on request.

Please address Dept. 6

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Brief Equipment:

Electric Lights
Clear Vision Windshield

Storage Battery and Ammeter
Mohair Top and Boot

Stewart Speedometer
Electric Horn

completely Equipped, F. O. B. Toledo. With Gray & Davis
Electric Starter and Generator \$1075.

Payment in Full

By Henry Wallace Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. PECK

"IN OLD Dakota," said Red Saunders, poised in his favorite attitude of "Just Before the Drink," "was a bunch of people that had slight regard for fences, seen or unseen—people that was very much like themselves, but differed from each other. You fought or you didn't fight, you worked or you gambled, you went to church regular or you were a heathen for fair, but you didn't do much straddlin' of the fence. If you tried that on, real parties would come and pull your legs until they split you in two. Still, as the arnakist said when he heaved the dynamite at the Czar, there's exceptions to every rule.

"Our poor old colored friend and brother was the exception here. Given a bunch of Confederates that never surrendered and a scrapping remnant of the G. A. R., and you can imagine how clear the result was, when they got on the nigger question. It was time for all highly colored folks to be moderate in their ideas.

"Well, sir, to listen you'd think the nigger was anythin' from a chocolate angel to a cross between a gorilla and the crime of '73.

"I never could make much sense out of the arguments. 'S a matter of fact, I never could make much sense out of any argument. Nobody ever listens to anythin' but his own bazoo in an argument anyhow.

"To me the darky is much the same as any human—a bit more kiddish, kinder unbogoted about matrimony and loose clothes and truck, but otherwise the same old human nature. I always used to say that and no more when the bunch in Tobin begun to beller and moo of an evenin'.

"THEN, all of a sudden, there come a play that put a new light on things, and pleased North and South about equal, and raised the son of Ham in the popular eye. Now, mind you, I'm talkin' of Dakota. I ain't sayin' this caper would please the Supreme Court, nor be given the prize tidy from an old ladies' sewin' bee; but to us and to any outfit of two-handed men that has to use both to make a livin', I'll bet my red head agin a rubber doll that Buffy gits the verdict. Buff was a cheerful fool nigger. Could pick a banjo to put a jig in a mud turtle, and shoot a rifle out of all nature. Neither stunt was much use to him, as Biff wouldn't harm a livin' thing; he could only pick up an odd two bits once in a while at long range and trick shootin'. He was a friend of all the game. He'd go in the woods and whistle, and the birds would flock around him; the deer would walk up and let him scratch their backs. Nothin' feared him and nothin' from a gopher up respected him. No worry to Buff so long's he could wallop the banjo, git enough to eat, and lie in the sun. 'This world's a clunch!' says Buffy.

"HE WAS the child of a careless cullud female person who hadn't the slightest idea who Buffy orter call pa. A rancher by the name of Cornelius Angevine found the poor little maverick, raised and protected him, and, until he himself fell on hard luck, always had a piece of money and a grubstake for Buff. We used to think that Buff took it all as he did the sunlight. The folks that liked Buff looked at it that Buff felt Angy too far above him to ever think about paying the white man back.

"But—one fine day, with the sun climbin' up on the sky rim like a red-hot penny, Angy takes leave of the wife for to go to town and shoot a gentleman friend of his.

"The wife took on somethin' fearful. A noble-lookin' woman, Mrs. Angevine, a good wife and mother, and the beloved of Angy's heart; but this

here was a man's business. Seems Mr. Meechon, the banker, had got Angy to put up good money agin a minin' proposition. It took a lot of money to git to the bottom of the shaft, and when they got there it was just simply covered by a layer of nice fresh air.

"ANGY took the trouble to go look himself, after his money was lost, and the miners told him they hadn't the slightest idee that the person that dug the hole had the notion of profit in sight. They said they thought it was one of these here new ideas in physical culture, because they couldn't see why anyone should expect to find gold in the middle of an alkali flat, unless it was on the principle that as gold never had been found on an alkali flat, it was high time that it was.

"'Stinged!' says Angy, and took it fair good-natured, although Meechon let on to be a terrible friend of his. But then when the mortgage come due on the place, Meechon wouldn't let up, and at this precise minute somebody had to tell Angy a tale that made him ask his wife questions. And she, unfortunately bein' a truthful woman, admitted that Meechon had

he tells the nigger the hull bizzee with 'You know I'm a square man, Buff!' and 'I never harmed no man, Buff!' and all those simple-minded remarks even the strongest man will make when his head is fogged with anger.

"'I'll fix him, Buff!' says Angy. 'I'm on my way now, and if that Kiote don't frizzle in hell this night, my name ain't Angevine!'

"So on he goes, and poor Buffy looks after him, with tears streamin' down his face. All he can think of is a picture of the man that raised and cared for him danglin' at the end of a rope for the killin' of Banker Meechon.

"'BEFO' Gawd! I can't stand fo' hit!' says Buffy. And away he goes, too, on a sorter private way of his own that give his hide-and-hair rack an even break agin Angy's slashin' Kentucky horse. Yes, sobbin', prayin', and half mad, there goes Nigger Buff!

"And the finish was one of these affairs you don't expect to fall over unless you pay for a ticket to the show. Meechon was standin' in front of Polk's hardware store, when Buff breaks into town over the railroad track, while here come's Angy on the war jump from the other end of town.

"Buff seen 'em both, and lar-ruped his old critter for the first time in its life. He seen he couldn't work his scheme that way, tho', so he slides off, takes a rest on the park fence, and blazes away at Banker Meechon at 600 yards, paced by myself and two others.

"And down goes Banker Meechon, and nothin', you see, for Mrs. Angy or anyone else to worry about, so Buffy puts his hands to his mouth and howls: 'Don't bother no mo', Marse Angy! Mr. Meechon, he's daid!' and keels over.

"NATURALLY us lookers-on didn't know anythin' about this play from what-the-devil? to who's-got-a-match? It ain't the kind of thing often done to oblige a friend. From the midst of the jumble I remember another lad and myself picked up Buffy, and somethin' about the town constable tryin' to be rough with the nigger and deliberately haulin' off and strikin' me in the fist with his front teeth. I don't recall seein' that constable agin that day. Old Buckle, the marshal, was a different sort. We all knew there was somethin' behind, though we did not

know it was self-sacrifice to the point of takin' another man's payin'.

"'Let me have the poor devil, Red,' says he. 'I'll see he's used right, whatever comes of it.'

"And next there was Banker Meechon, propped up alongside the hardware shop. A dirty shame! Buff had only creased him. Not so bad for 600 yards at that.

"WELL, there ain't much more to it. We dug out how it was, Angy took it in, you see, and the citizens felt that it was about time they broke into the bankin' business; they fixed it so that Angevine had from then till the date of the first ice carnival in hell to pay his mortgage, and Buffy got a brand-new banjo, and we all gave him a receipt for all favors received or to come.

"And yet I hear people say a nigger is only a nigger!—well, that's so, too—a banker's only a banker, when you come to that. Meechon had missed death by an inch that day, but do you suppose it changed him any? Never! He'd gouge the next man as soon as his scalp got well.

"Well, here's regards to us all, and a white skin to every decent nigger the next time he lands in Dakota. How!'"



"'Befo' Gawd! I can't stand fo' hit!' says Buffy. And away he goes, too, on a sorter private way of his own"

bothered her considerable, and made propositions 'way to the smelly side of respectable.

"Hence, Angy and his little gun and the ride to town.

"Now as Angy rides along he ain't got any nose for the sweet mornin' breeze, you bet your life; there's only that hot thirst in his throat for blood. They say this is wicked and brutal—but you plant a deacon on a desert isle for a while and after a week or so he'll be hollerin' for beefsteak, and he'll do some queer things to get a mouthful of hard-tack. Or if it's water he lacks, he'll be worse yet. Ain't that wicked and brutal too?

"I think it's as well for them that either never had a temper, or else no cause to use it, to go slow on slammin' the likes of Angy. Howsomever, after a piece, who does Angy meet up with but Nigger Buff, takin' that rifle of his, of course, that he never fired at nothin', and smilin' his fool smile all over his face and near fallin' off his plug bowlin' and duckin' to Marse Angevine.

"Fury had made Angy as big a child as Buff, so

The Advance

By Lewis B. Allyn

FROM Boston to San Francisco runs the challenge of the pure and sanitary food-idea. During October, 1914, the former city will experience the first real pure-food show in its history. Many a food show has been held in the Mechanics Building; but in none of them has purity of product received such special attention as will be in order for the exposition of next year.

Food fairs, like people, seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy. Happily enough for their future, there have been a few models forthcoming in the smaller food fairs of the past eighteen months. These have stimulated a well-nigh general interest in better foods to such an extent that many a city proposes to hold its own pure-food fair or to conduct its own food exhibit along the lines suggested in *COLLIER'S* for July 5 and 19. If this standard is universally adopted, nothing unclean, unwholesome, or questionable will gain admission.

For the first time in exposition history the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, open at San Francisco from February 20 to December 4, inclusive, will provide a building to be used exclusively for exhibition of food products. This building will be known as the Food Products Palace. It will have a floor space of something over five and one-half acres. A section containing over 6,500 square feet has been reserved for the display of foods characterized by their freedom from taint and pollution of any kind whatever, whether legal or not.

In this space booths will be erected, and will be occupied by manufacturers who believe in and practice the propaganda of purity and quality. Thus it will be seen that the two great canals—the Panama and the alimentary—will receive a helpful consideration.

HUNTINGTON'S FAIR A BEACON

THE open season for food fairs is usually from August to June. Earliest among those deserving commendation is the Pure Food Show and Exposition of Domestic Science, recently held at Huntington, L. I. The motive of the Huntington Political Equality League is worthy of the careful consideration of every men's and women's organization. "The members of the Huntington Political Equality League"—so runs the declaration—"have pledged themselves to do, each year, outside of their regular work, some one thing which shall be of service to this community."

The various educational exhibits and lectures of the exposition are presented in the hope that they will be of interest and benefit to all who see them. But if only one woman's burdens are lightened by the help she will receive here; if only one boy or girl learns the lesson of right living, the lesson of dignity and worth of honest labor, the lesson of responsibility to others, the members of the league will feel that their efforts have been rightly rewarded.

The officers of the league felt that for this year it could do no one thing of more signal service to the community than to give the citizens an opportunity to study the problem of pure foods first hand.

Together with the display made by high-grade manufacturers of food products were the New York State exhibit of pure and adulterated foods, the exhibit from the Department of Weights and Measures, the Consumers' League exhibit, with the results of simple tests upon various food products performed by children in the public schools.

All of these give a wide range for study and stimulate helpful interest.

"We cannot tell," says the secretary of the league, "how much we have helped our people. If attendance and interest are criteria, good results should follow." This is Mrs. Gibson's conservative way of



putting the facts: "As the dimensions of the tree are not always regulated by the size of the seed, so the consequences of things are not always proportionate to the apparent magnitude of those events that have produced them."

The food fair in the little town of Huntington is one of those bright beacons which illumine the path of food progress from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department
Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to
Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of
Collier's, 416 W. 13th St.,
New York City

Chicle

Kindly tell me what common chewing gum is made from?—H. L. C., Arizona.

The basis of the article you mention is gum chicle, a gummy substance obtained by coagulating the sap of any one of several trees of the Sapotaceae. These trees are found particularly in Mexico and Central America.

The gum, after being more or less purified (and usually less), is mixed with sugar, glucose, various flavors, oils, essences, and medicaments.

Filth in Chewing Gum

With amazement I have learned that the brand of chewing gum I have been using for years is not clean. I have been shown the muddy color, which, I am informed, is due to dirt, and the black specks may be bark, dirt, flies, or anything else you care to imagine. This seems to me to be impossible. But if the fact that the crude chewing gum, as it comes from the tree, is pure and white, and the sugar is pure and white, and the flavor is colorless, is true, then the finished gum should be pure and white; but the gum I have been in the habit of using is anything but pure and white. What must I do? I do not enjoy the chewing gum I have been buying any more. Is there not some chewing gum made that is clean, and where does the Pure Food Law come in?—An Indignant Gum User, M. W. R., New Jersey.

There is no question that the majority of chewing gums on the market are contaminated with dirt and filth of various kinds. Their removal, by ordinary methods at the disposal of the manufacturers, is a very serious and difficult matter. Yet it can be done, and is being done to-day by at least one firm. A prominent manufacturer told the writer recently that the chewing gum was the only dirty product which went from the factory, and they were employing several experts to show them how the product could be improved.

As a matter of law, the majority of chewing gums are probably adulterated, as dirt and debris of insects and the like could be properly classed as adulterants. A few remarks made by a visitor at the

pure-food exhibit at Westfield are apropos to the subject under discussion.

The Proof

THE statement is startling, but capable of absolute proof, and proof so convincing that it is a matter of astonishment that in this age of pure-food agitation it has not been condemned and corrected:

"The last culprit to be haled before the bar of purity is that old friend of our childhood and present soother of our jangled nerves, chewing gum."

"One of the most astonishing phases of the chewing-gum business is its magnitude: over \$36,000,000 of invested capital, paying over \$4,000,000 in annual dividends, producing, by expert testimony, over 685,700,000 five-cent packages of gum per year at a wholesale selling price of over \$15,000,000, which retail at over \$34,000,000."

"A great national business—and this great national business has been built on the dirt, as it were. We say this advisedly, for if a business touching the people so closely as the chewing-gum business does is not founded on the rock of absolute purity, it is open to attack, and a defense of dirt, however artful, is unbelievable."

"The pure-food exhibition at Westfield opened our eyes to the condition to which we have, heretofore, been blind. The chewing gum which we buy and find advertised on every side of us (by the way, we now recall that we have never seen an advertisement of chewing gum, with one exception, stating that the gum was clean) is made from a gum gathered in the tropics, and it is right here that the trouble starts."

"The trees yielding the crude gum are, as a rule, magnificent specimens with trunks 50 and 60 feet in the clear without a branch."

"The process of gathering the sap is as follows: The trunk of the tree is scored in zigzag fashion, from the first branch to the ground, thus making a trough fully 70 to 100 feet in actual length; now the sap flowing into this cut is pure and white—do not forget this—but what happens?"

"Imagine, if you can, 100 feet of tanglefoot flypaper hung in the woods for a week—our own northern woods, to say nothing of the tropics! What you would catch would stock a museum of natural history. The sap as it flows down the tree, being sweet and sticky, attracts and holds many things that move, walk, fly, or are blown. The native gatherer is not a dainty person; he has not a care in the world—why should he worry? He is paid by the pound, and even a fly weighs something."

"Now the sap is collected in buckets and taken to a central station and hotted, with all its collection of natural history specimens intact, there made into cakes and exported to the States."

"It would be natural to suppose that this crude gum, so pure and white when it came from the tree, and now so otherwise, would be put through a drastic filtration and refining before being used. Far from it, the only process is to break it into small pieces the size of cracked corn, and hand pick. Try picking a fly out of a lump of putty! Enough said—this hand picking is sometimes supplemented by a crude washing with water."

"This gum is then melted and sugar and flavor added, cooled and rolled out as desired, packed and sold to 90,000,000 of men, women, and children, carrying on its face the bar sinister of dirt, for the muddy color is dirt and the specks you see are—well, they may be pieces of bark or bits of leather or perhaps defunct inhabitants of the tropical forest. There is no guarantee given as to the exact nature."

"But why, you ask, do not the manufacturers cleanse the crude gum of these foreign substances? Can it not be done?"



Taste This

Taste common baked beans—mushy and broken, though not half-baked.

Beans without any sauce, or with sauce that's flat.

Beans that are baked without modern facilities—some of them hard, some cooked all-to pieces.



Then This

Then taste Van Camp's—even-sized beans baked in modern steam ovens.

Baked until mellow, yet every bean remains nut-like and whole.

Baked with a sauce made of whole, ripe tomatoes.

Baked by a famous chef. Brought to you with the fresh oven flavor.

Just make this comparison. Then you will realize what it means to insist that you get Van Camp's.

VanCamp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

The beans we use are picked out by hand, to get just the white, plump beans.

The sauce we use costs us just five times the cost of common tomato sauce.

The chef in charge is a famous French chef. And this dish is his masterpiece.

We spend on this dish \$800,000 yearly more than we need to spend. But the result is a dish which has given to millions an entirely new idea of baked beans.

It costs—ready-baked—about three cents per meal.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Prepared by
Van Camp Packing Company
Established 1861
Indianapolis, Ind.

Heinz Spaghetti

The New Universal Food

Get your appetite ready for the New Food. It's Spaghetti—Spaghetti prepared in a new form with a new-found flavor. Heinz Spaghetti

Cooked— Ready to Serve

Made by a new Heinz recipe. Choicest ingredients enriched by the special zest of Heinz Tomato Sauce and imported fine flavored cheese.

It's piquant—*glowing*—satisfying. And it's muscle-forming, brain-building FOOD. Don't forget that.

The world is waking up to the wonderful food value of Spaghetti—realizing that it is one of the *elemental* foods. A mighty important one in the Nation's diet. Heinz Spaghetti wherever introduced has become a *Universal Food*.

Try a Heinz Spaghetti meal today and find out for yourself. Get a tin from your grocer under the Heinz money-back guarantee that covers all the

57 Varieties

We want everybody to know how good Heinz Spaghetti is, and know it quickly. So we are offering

\$1000.00 In Prizes for School Children

for best *Little Essays on Heinz Spaghetti*. Parents, children and teachers may read the announcement of this contest in current issues of such juvenile publications as the Youth's Companion, St. Nicholas, American Boy, etc.—or watch the newspapers. It will be impossible for us to answer any letters regarding the contest.

Others of Heinz 57 Varieties are: Heinz Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup, Euchred Pickle, Chili Sauce, Peanut Butter, Mince Meat, Tomato Soup, etc., etc.

H. J. Heinz Co.



50,000 Visitors inspect the Heinz Model Pure Food Kitchens every year.



"It can be done, but it takes lots of money and time, to say nothing of the plant and machinery, so why bother, as long as you and I cheerfully chew and say nothing?"

"But from what we saw at the Westfield pure-food show this condition of things will not last, for there we saw chewing gum *pure and white*, as clean as it comes from the tree, proof positive that it *can* be cleaned; so hereafter any maker of chewing gum that desires our custom must furnish us with *pure white* chewing gum, or we shall pass it by: the idea of being a walking washing machine, doing the work that should be done in a refinery and swallowing the refuse, is not an appetizing proposition. No, sir—we look at the chewing gum we use now—*pure and white*, or nothing."

(NOTE.—The chewing gum displayed at the Westfield exhibit was Mo-Joes, manufactured by the Chic Products Co. of Newark, N. J.)

Legal, but Send it Back

I recently purchased a jar of jam, and

on reading the label could not find by whom or for whom it was packed.

Is it not illegal to sell such products without the packer's name? What would you advise me to do?

A packer or distributor who has pride in his goods does not hesitate to put his name on them. If he leaves this off, it is wise to cast about for a reason—for a reason there certainly is. Absence of name frequently indicates inferiority of product. No, it is not illegal.

The name of the manufacturer or producer or the place where manufactured, except in case of mixtures and compounds having a distinct name, need not be given upon the label, but if given must be the true name and the true place. The words "packed for —," "distributed by —," or some equivalent phrase, shall be added to the label in case the name which appears upon the label is not that of the actual manufacturer or producer, or the name of the place not the actual place of manufacture or production.



Calling on a Girl

By HOMER CROY

IN MISSOURI there is an agitation among the farmers' wives to send the young men who come to call on their daughters home at half-past ten.

The mental prodigy who is penning these lines wishes it to be known that he is in favor of the movement. If this plan had been adopted a few years earlier, it would have saved him a great deal of suffering.

A few years ago, before my hair began to slide down my collar, there was nothing that I loved to do more than sit in a girl's parlor and discuss the great questions of the day. These great questions of the day usually consisted of how pretty her dimple looked in a low light and what marvelous expression lay in the limpid depths of her great brown eyes. I have often discussed this matter with her until midnight and then felt that I had just barely opened up the subject. To discuss this I had to sit on the same sofa with her, and I found that I could think better in a low light. It seems that my mind works best when the light is low and when she is close enough for me to do my thinking in a whisper. I have noticed that this is especially true when her father is sleeping in the next room. There is nothing that I would rather do than discuss the great questions of the day with a girl. Especially if she is a pretty girl. I love to take her by the hand and try to explain the tariff, the Mexican situation, and other deep questions that I have heard about.

I HAVE discussed many great questions of the day with girls on the old hair sofa back in Missouri. One queer thing about the great questions that I have noticed is that no difference what question we start off on it usually ends by me; telling her how glossy her hair looks in the sunlight. I can start out talking about "Our Duty to the Philippines" and the first thing I know I am telling her what a picture she made yesterday under the apple blossoms with the great, red sun shimmering through the tumbling branches and lighting up her golden tresses. As with thinking, I have noticed that I can discuss great questions better if the light is turned low. I can figure out better plans for the Government to follow if the light is just barely a glimmer. My best Government work is done just as the light is about to go out.

One evening I went to call on a girl

to discuss the Mexican situation. I started in by sitting clear across the room from her, but the first thing I knew I found myself on the same sofa with her. So deeply was I interested in the subject that the first thing I knew it was after midnight. Still I did not wish to go home as I had not yet thought up a good plan for the Government to follow. I did not wish to desert the Government in its hour of trouble. I was sitting there turning the plan over and over in my mind when I heard a deep, guttural cough just on the other side of the partition. I gave this only passing heed as I had not yet settled the Mexican trouble to my entire satisfaction.

AGAIN I heard the same cough, but still I did not wish to drop the subject, although one of my feet was fast asleep. Again came the same disagreeable cough followed by a step, but still I thought nothing of this and continued my plans for a better, greater United States where we could all go to the theatre every night and have ice cream twice a day and that I was expecting a raise in salary. Just as I had finished telling her that she was the only woman who had ever understood me, I heard a door creak on its hinge and in a moment I felt a strange hand on my coat collar. There were hands that I did not mind having around my coat collar, but I felt an immediate distaste for this one. The feeling was mutual, for in a moment I noticed that my feet were not touching the floor, and in another second I found myself in the yard sitting on my elbow. At the same time I felt a tightening at the seat of my trousers and turned to observe that Napoleon, their dog, was there. I arose to my feet as best I could with Napoleon hanging on and started home. A schoolhouse was two miles out; it seemed no time until we had reached it. There I left Napoleon behind, panting and discouraged, but he had put up a good exhibition of running. I had never before been thrown with a dog who was so good on his feet. In a few minutes I was home, although it was usually considered a good morning's drive. I am with the Missouri women heart and soul in their efforts to make it an established custom that young men callers leave at half-past ten. If this had been the custom a few years earlier, it would have saved much suffering on part of a brilliant young student of the great questions of the day.

The women and children were almost as deeply interested as the men



A New Wrinkle for the Farm Uplift

By EWING GALLOWAY

THE newest thing in trail blazing for the movement toward better methods in farming was done in Warren County, Kentucky. Dr. H. H. Cherry, president of the State Normal School at Bowling Green, the county seat, conceived a plan for holding four four-day farmers' Chautauquas at points within easy reach of large numbers of country people. He believed that if Chautauquas for the entertainment and edification of the general public could be held in towns and cities, the plan could be used successfully as a means of bringing farmers and farmers' wives and children together in large numbers to listen to experts in rural betterment and to discuss with one another the problems most vital to their welfare.

HOW THE PLAN STARTED

AT the beginning Dr. Cherry was none too sanguine, but when his idea became known he received encouragement from a great variety of sources. Dr. Fred Mutchler, State Agent of Farm Demonstration Work, who supervises the work of county farm advisers in Kentucky for the Department of Agriculture, not only approved the plan, but volunteered to direct the Chautauquas. The Department of Agriculture sent Dr. William Hart Dexter from Washington to help carry out the program, and the State Department of Agriculture, the State Board of Health, the Kentucky Experiment Station, the State Department of Education, many good-roads officials, a half-dozen or more ministers, and some of the leading business men of Bowling Green contributed to the success of the meetings. In addition to the forces in Kentucky and the representatives of the national Government, a number of men from Ohio, Tennessee, Alabama, Missouri, Minnesota, and Virginia rendered valuable assistance. All that help was necessary, of course, but the most significant feature of the Chautauquas was the interest manifested by the farmers themselves.

A local committee in each of the communities where Chautauquas were held cooperated with Dr. Mutchler, Dr. Cherry, and the county farm adviser in arranging for the physical needs and comforts of the crowds.

Much of the expense money was raised among farmers and local business men, but John B. McFerran of Louisville, a native of Warren County, furnished most of the cash.

IN TENTED GROVES

THE meetings were held in groves, and a tent with a seating capacity of seven hundred was used. Small tents were supplied by the committees for the convenience of campers. Sanitary ar-

rangements were made under the direction of Dr. J. N. McCormack, State Health Officer, and general living conditions about the grounds were made as intensely practical and as nearly ideal as possible.

RESULTS EXCEED ALL EXPECTATIONS

THE Chautauquas were begun on Sunday mornings. Prominent ministers from Louisville and Lexington, the principal cities of the State, did the preaching, and the local preachers, who gave up their regular services in order to be present at these meetings, engaged in round-table discussions of the problems of the country church as a force for general rural betterment.

On the week days experts delivered lectures on soil improvement and conservation, methods of crop cultivation, up-to-date live-stock raising, dairying, fruit growing, road building, rural hygiene and sanitary science, household economy, education and the consolidation of small country schools, and other important subjects.

None of the meetings were held within eleven miles of Bowling Green. The idea was that it was far better to give the Chautauquas a genuine rural atmosphere. It was a case of going all the way to the farmer with the scientific instruction he was supposed to need. The attendance exceeded all expectations. No session was held with less than four hundred people present, and, according to Dr. Mutchler, there were more than fifteen hundred on several occasions. Many people attended all four of the Chautauquas.

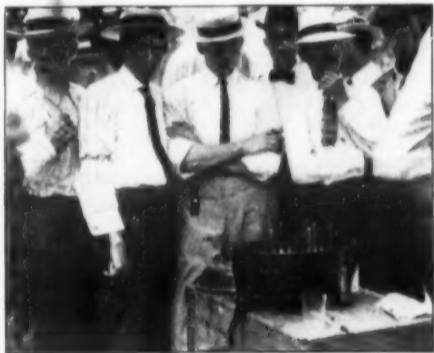
The women and children were almost as deeply interested as the men. Women, young and old, listened to the lectures on household problems and watched closely all the demonstrations in domestic science. The instruction was elementary, but it was just what most of the women wanted.

Special talks were given to boys and girls.

Since the Chautauquas were held the farmers are having neighborhood meetings to discuss such subjects as soil fertilization, rotation of crops, cooperative buying of farm and household supplies, and the consolidation of schools. Soon after the first Chautauqua a committee of farmers called on the County Superintendent and asked him to assist them in having the schools of their neighborhood consolidated.

The newspapers of the State gave the meetings a good deal of publicity, and Dr. Mutchler, Dr. Cherry, and the county farm adviser are receiving inquiries about the plan from many counties in the State.

It is safe to predict that Dr. Cherry's idea will become popular throughout the entire country.



These men at the rural Chautauqua are learning to make the Babcock test for fats in milk



It Has Taught Millions of Children the Love of Oatmeal

For many a year, in every clime, Quaker Oats has taught children to delight in oatmeal.

Millions upon millions of them.

Every year they now consume a thousand million dishes of these luscious oats.

They get just the rich, full-flavored grains, with the flavor kept intact.

The choicest one-third of choice oats.

They get this vim-producing food in the most tempting form that's known.

So good that the homes of a hundred nations send here for this Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

No Other Oatmeal Like It

Quaker Oats is very different from the commonplace oatmeal.

It is made of only the plumpest grains, selected by 62 siftings. The plump grains have the flavor.

From a bushel of choice oats we get on the average only ten pounds of Quaker.

Then we employ in the milling a process which keeps all that flavor intact.

Quaker Oats consists of mammoth flakes with the flavor that children love.

They never grow tired of it.

Lesser grades may have the same food value, but nothing like the taste.

It's immensely important, as most mothers know, that children should love oatmeal.

It is the energy food.

It is the food for growth.

It is richer than any other grain in the main constituents of brain, and nerves.

Make this food of foods attractive by serving the daintiest form. Give children the flavor that wins them.

Quaker Oats, despite all our selection, costs but one-half cent per dish.

Regular Size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Except in Far West and South.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

Reduce your Fire Insurance Premiums 40% to 90%

No Expense To You

WE will install an automatic sprinkler system in your buildings free of cost to you.

You continue to pay your present insurance premiums—at the rate you are now paying—for four to seven years.

At the end of 4, 5, 6 or 7 years, as the case may be, we hand the sprinkler system over to you free and clear. And after said transfer, your insurance costs will be 40% to 90% less than you were paying at the time we installed the system for you.

Why We Can Do This:

Sprinkler systems reduce your fire danger over 90% the moment they are installed. Insurance companies are therefore glad to reduce your premiums 40 to 90%.

Out of this large saving in fire rates we are able to pay for the system in a few years and make a reasonable profit.

Besides reducing your premiums, sprinklers safeguard the lives of your employees and prevent your business from being interrupted.

To concerns who prefer to use all their working capital in their business this plan appeals particularly.

Everybody makes money out of this plan except one person—the local insurance agent, whose commission is heavily cut because premiums are reduced so much. This explains the opposition of some unprogressive insurance agents.

Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us, and we will send you full information.

U. S. Construction Co.
SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BLDG.
Cleveland, Ohio

COUPON

No. of Buildings.....
Square feet floor area including basement.....
Proximity of City Water.....Size of Main.....
Pressure, lbs. per sq. in.
Insurance carried on Bldgs.Rate.....
Insurance carried on Stock.....Rate.....
Name of Concern.....
Address.....

The Public-School Lunch

Giving Workable Brains to Underfed Children

By Arthur Ruhl

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE

THE real point of this story might be more vividly illustrated by photographs, not of public-school lunches, but of the children who go home and don't get any lunch.

The school whose crowded courtyard is shown here—and a great sight it is, that little army of Americans in the making, marching in, heads up, two by two, with their own band splintering the air with "Row! Row! Row!" or "Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee"—this school is in the heart of the Italian quarter, on New York's East Side. The fathers of these children were, of course, away at work; often the mother is away too, or if not, hard at work, perhaps, on piecework at home. You can imagine some of the smallest, like the little girls on the right-hand end of the front row, toddling home on a cold winter's day, or through the rain, climbing the dark tenement stairs to shift for themselves. Even if the mother is at home and there is enough to eat, she may have neither the time nor understanding to prepare a proper meal, and the chances are that there is nothing but bread and coffee or tea.

The majority of such children as these have tea or coffee once a day, and probably a third of them—to judge from the figures of the volunteer committee, which has taken the matter up in New York City and served experimental lunches in several schools—have tea or coffee more than once. If they are fortunate enough to have a few pennies, "lunch" often means nothing more nourishing than the "jawbreakers" or licorice sticks sold by pushcarts and cheap candy shops. A very considerable portion of them come back unfit for work in the afternoon.

NECESSITY PROVED

SUCH conditions are so typical that experiments in public-school lunches are now being tried in some forty-five cities in this country—in many European cities such ventures have passed the experimental stage long since. In high schools such lunches are, of course, no novelty. In many small cities where there is no danger of insufficient food, the gain in time, discipline, and general efficiency from having a warm meal served at noon has led to the establishment of a more or less elaborate school lunch. Women's clubs often take charge of the work, contributing their services and selling the food, generally, at a slight profit; or the lunch contract is let to a caterer. There are lunches of the latter sort in some of the New York City high schools.

The lunches started by the volunteer committee mentioned here are of a different kind. They are intended to combine a maximum of nourishment with a minimum of cost—to give a sufficient meal to those who have only a few pennies, instead of the ten or fifteen cents generally spent for high-school lunches. The



Three cents, judiciously applied, will buy a tolerable luncheon—and an excellent one when the children bring their own bread

committee's purpose was merely to demonstrate the need and the practicability of the public-school lunch in such neighborhoods as it picked out, with the hope that, having so demonstrated it, the city would take over the work. The demonstration is complete in the judgment of the volunteer workers and of the teachers in whose schools it has been tried, and the city, although declining as yet to take over the work, has given the committee enough money to start four central kitchens from which sixteen schools can be served.

MARKED MENTAL IMPROVEMENT

IN 1911-12 the volunteer committee served 174,199 lunches to an average of 1,500 children a day, in seven schools. For these lunches, where each dish cost a penny, the children paid \$5,730.38. This covered the cost of the food itself, but the cost of service and administration made a deficit of slightly over a cent on each lunch.

The principal dish at these lunches is a thick soup, made with split peas, beans, macaroni, lentils, or meat and vegetables—and the soup has to be carefully adapted to the nationality of the school, for these children, not having enjoyed a very wide experience in the matter of food, are likely to consider inedible things they have not encountered at home. This soup costs a cent, and everyone is supposed to take it. Two slices of bread or three graham crackers are also a cent. These make the pièce de résistance. Then there is hot cocoa at a cent a cup, and a "penny table" where a bit of salad, fancy cakes and cookies, sweet chocolate like that found in slot

machines, and sugar-coated apples on a stick (a curious but vastly popular dessert) may also be bought for a cent. Three cents, judiciously applied, will buy a tolerable luncheon—and an excellent one when the children bring their own bread from home—and 5 cents invested in soup, bread, cocoa, and cakes—enough for a man. Indeed, the lunches are sufficiently attractive to be taken by the teachers, generally, in the schools

where they have been tried.

Providing for children who cannot afford to pay for lunches is one of the embarrassments encountered. Anything like visible discrimination would be fatal, and the objection to "charity" on the part of parents whose children can afford to pay, however little spare cash there be at home, makes it necessary that the lunch be at least nominally self-sustaining. It is, so far as food is concerned—will be even more so with the central kitchens—and if every child spent 5 cents, the cost of service could be met as well. Thus far the committee has made up the deficit, and in a few cases lunch tickets have been bought for particularly needy children by the organized charity societies. Several children in each school earn their lunches by helping to serve.

The improvement in the physical condition of children who were sullen or stupid during the afternoon session, before the lunches were tried, leads their teachers to believe that the school lunch, simple as it is, is their most substantial meal of the day. Its advantages on rainy or very cold days—for there are courtyards in the schools sufficient for exercise—are obvious enough. The prospect of discontinuing it is viewed by the teachers in whose schools it has been tried with something like consternation.

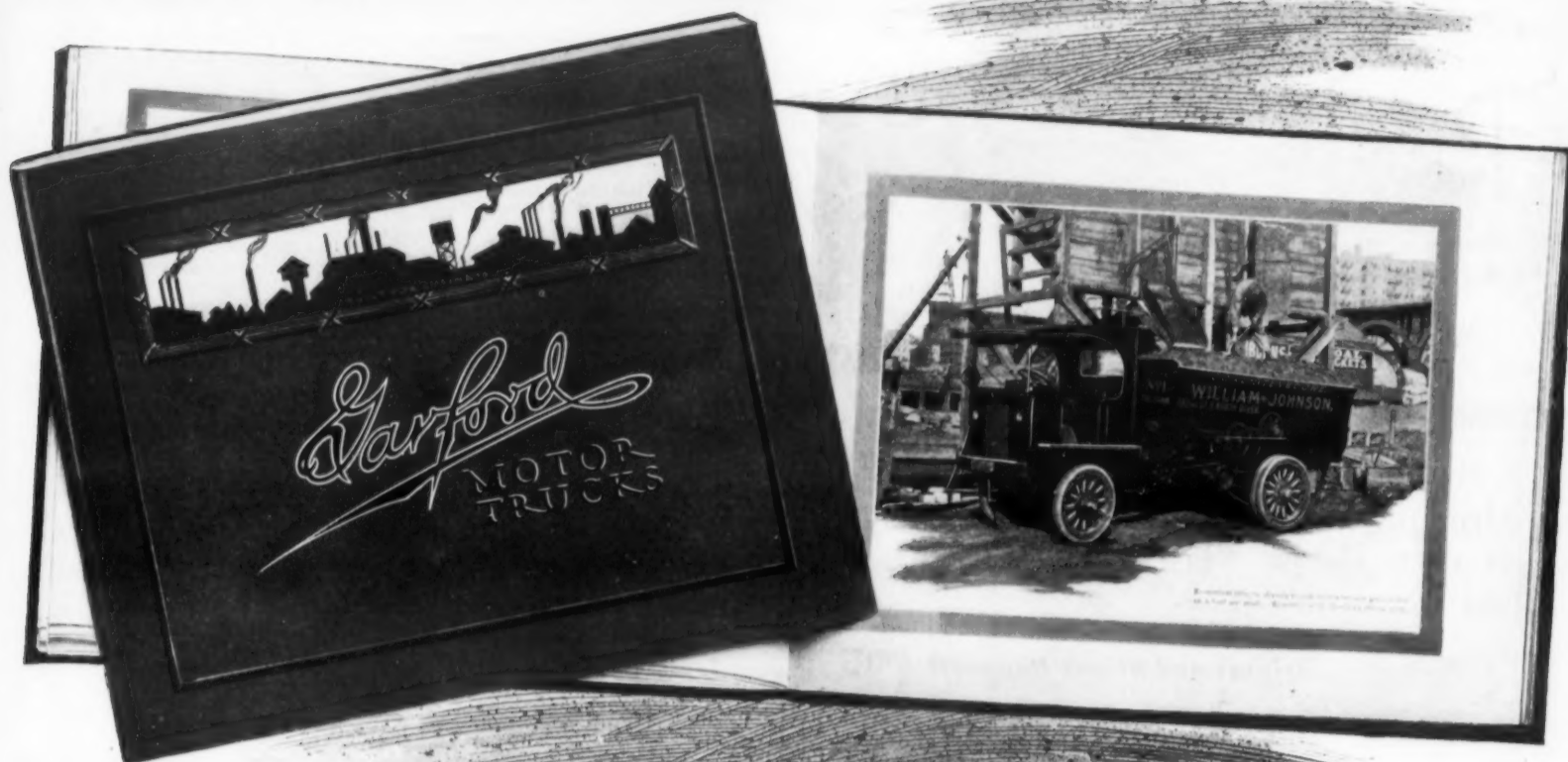
WHY STARVE THE CHILDREN?

THE only argument against these lunches appears to be the general one that such enterprises tend to reduce the responsibility of parents. It would undoubtedly be desirable to have the lunch pay for itself, literally, as it now does in theory, and if it were made general, central kitchens established, and the work kept as free from graft as it has

been under the volunteer committee, this might be done. The fact that an average expenditure of 5 cents would pay for the lunches, even as now conducted, shows how narrow the margin of deficit is. Some of the "luxuries," like sweet chocolate, could be sold at a higher price. Two slabs similar to the ones sold for a cent each in slot machines are now sold for a penny, and the amount sold shows how keenly the children appreciate the bargain. But the theory here is that wholesome sweets must be made attractive in order to meet the competition of the pushcart peddlers, whose



Little Americans in the making, splintering the air with "Row! Row! Row!"



One of the most instructive truck books ever published - FREE

THIS is an *unusual* book. It has been carefully prepared and gives only the practical information you are really *interested* in, and in a way that will take least of your time.

You will not have to wade through statistical arguments on trucks vs. horses, or about extending delivery area, or about giving prompt delivery. You *know* all that.

It gives you definite, easily digested information about the Garford Truck *itself*—"on the job." It shows you a great variety of Garfords of every type at work. It explains what Garfords can do *for your business*, and why.

It shows the sixty-two Garfords that were purchased to transport U. S. mail in New York City; the fleets of Garford Trucks on the \$200,000,-000.00 Catskill Aqueduct job where practically every contractor is using

Garfords; the eight Garfords that are doing the work of fifty horses for the Watson Contracting Company; Garfords in the contracting, lumber, grocery, oil, coal, dairy, meat, ice, brewery and transfer business—in fact in practically every line of business. It pictures Garfords with trailers handling 13 ton loads; Garfords mastering grades up to twenty-six per cent.

We want the man who desires definite information about the Garford Motor Truck to *have* it.

We want this book to go only to those men who really *need* it, and for this reason we ask you to state your connection with your firm in filling out the coupon below—in order to avoid waste.

The Garford was one of the first successful trucks built in America. We are pioneers in the commercial vehicle industry. Garford Trucks are designed along the most approved and practical European lines, but built for use on American roads. Our records are conclusive evidence and proof of the economy

and efficiency of the Garford Truck in service. These records are open for your inspection, and are worth your most careful consideration.

Visit the factory if possible. We want you to become acquainted with the extreme care taken in their construction. In fact we know it will surprise you.

That is why we want you to read this book. It is a practical volume for practical merchants and manufacturers. Fill out the coupon and mail it today.

The Garford Company Elyria, Ohio

Please send the new Garford Truck Book to

Name _____

Firm Name _____

Connection with Firm _____

Street Address _____

City _____

State _____

(C) _____

The Garford Company, Elyria, Ohio, U. S. A.



Every occasion from "Good Morning!" to "Good Night!" has its own Regal "last" and leather. For example—

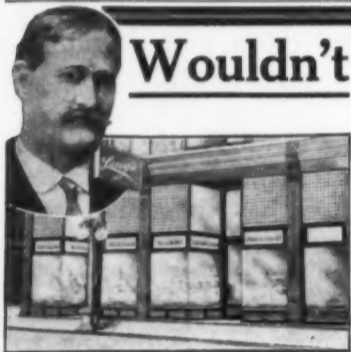
"Nassau" Business and Street Boot—\$5

"Benched" of Black or Russet Calf—toe is rounded and sloping—extension sole—"squat" English heel—perforated vamp and tip—invisible eyelets to the top for trim lacing—top corners rounded off—a boot which radiates "smartness" in every line—a pre-advanced young men's style. Capitably suited to all-day, every-day wear.

There are 97 exclusive Regal Shops and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Send for our Fall Style Book, "Round the World with a Regal," picturing what to wear and when to wear it.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

270 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.



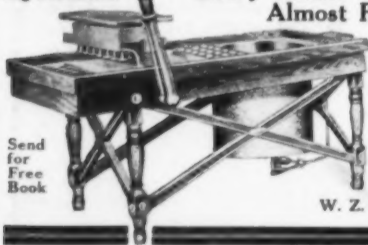
Wouldn't You Like to Own a Store Like This?

Wouldn't you like to be proprietor of a money making business? Once I was just a struggling candy maker. The profits from Crispettes, the new, delicious popcorn confection built this big business for me. The very same proposition that made me, should do the same for you. Long winter months are ahead. Don't slave them away for someone else. **Start in the Crispette Business for yourself.** Build a business of your own as I did. Get a window—a small store—a cozy nook where the rent is low. Keep all the profits. I'll teach you the Crispette business—tell you how to succeed—show you how to make Crispettes by my special secret formula. I'll do it right here in Springfield—personally or by mail. But the thing for you to do is to

Take advantage of my offer to come and see me.

Don't say you're coming. Just drop in quietly. Call on any banker or merchant. Ask them about Long—about my store—my Crispette business. Ask them if what I say isn't the truth—right from the shoulder. Look into my reputation. See if folks think I'll give you a square deal. Then come and see my store—see that it's just like the picture. See the machine. See Crispettes made—make a batch yourself. Learn the business. Get my pointers on how to succeed. Up to a distance of 300 miles I'll pay all your traveling expenses, if you buy a machine. You'll see—know—learn everything.

This is the Money Making Machine.



Every Nickel You Take in Nets You Almost Four Cents Profit

Think of it! Think of the fortunes made in 5 cent pieces. It's one business in a hundred. Everybody likes Crispettes—children—parents—old folks. One sale always means two—two means four. So it goes. It's a great business. I found it so—so should you. Send for my big free book "How to make money in the Crispette Business"—48 pages illustrated—complete information and story of how I built my business. Read it and then come to Springfield.



This is a recent picture of the man who made a big success with a Long Crispette machine, in a store window.

W. Z. LONG, 784 High St., Springfield, O.

GENUINE PERFECT CUT DIAMONDS \$97.50 PER CARAT

Note These IMPORTERS' PRICES:

1/4 Carat Diamond, \$ 8.25	1/2 Carat Diamond, \$45.00
3/4 Carat Diamond, \$17.50	3/4 Carat Diamond, \$67.50
1 Carat Diamond, \$31.25	1 Carat Diamond, \$97.50

FREE EXAMINATION ALLOWED WITHOUT OBLIGATION TO PURCHASE!

We Legally Guarantee in writing to REFUND THE FULL PRICE IN CASH, less 10 per cent, ANY TIME WITHIN 2 YEARS and to allow the full price in exchange any time. Carat Weight, Quality and Value Legally Certified.

128 PAGE DE LUXE BASCH DIAMOND BOOK, FREE! Contains thousands of illustrations. 8 color lithographed art cover. This big beautiful book will enable you to buy Diamonds as safely and intelligently as any Diamond Expert! Write today! L. BASCH & CO., Dept. G. 225, State and Quincy Streets, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

No. D3601, 14Kt Solitaire. This Mounting, \$3.75 Complete with 1/4c. Dia...\$21.25

BASCH

wares, however unhygienic, often exhibit alluring size and the colors of the rainbow.

So far as New York is concerned, there seems to be little in the "pauperization" argument, inasmuch as the city already supplies its public-school children with schoolbooks. The feeling of those interested in the lunches is that it is scarcely common sense to spend millions for the education of children's brains and nothing for the care of the bodies which house the brains and keep them in working order.

The intelligence required to plan, cook, and serve attractive and wholesome food is not costly, yet it is astonishingly rare among those with whom the mere matter of getting enough to eat is the most vital problem of life.

A little of this sort of intelligence applied in such a form as the public-school lunch goes a long way—both in its direct results on the children and, very possibly, in its indirect education of the mothers as to the best way to prepare cheap and nourishing food.

LUNCHES OR HUNGER—WHICH?

THE suggestion that this use of surplus intelligence should be withheld on the ground that parents ought not to be helped lest they never learn to help themselves loses some of its force when confronted with a growing generation actually suffering from semistarvation. One doubts, at any rate, if it would com-

mend itself strongly to anyone who had watched a few hundred of these tiny Americans pour downstairs at the noon hour; crowd up in line to the serving tables with their trays in one hand and their precious pennies tightly gripped in the other—or knotted by some careful mother in a handkerchief corner, almost beyond the hope of undoing—observed the businesslike and discriminating air with which they made their purchases, and then seen them stretched down the long board tables spooning away for dear life at the nearest thing to a square meal they get.

NOTHING VAGUE ABOUT THIS

THE cheerfulness of the thing is contagious—its economy of time and effort—one well-run kitchen and a scientifically planned meal instead of hundreds of badly run kitchens and no meal at all—the feeling in the very air, so to speak, that it's doing them "good." Many forms of helping the less fortunate are expensive and seem aimless and vague at best. There is nothing vague about this.

It is as immediate and concrete as the sight of thirsty land drinking up a long-delayed rain. Even were the school lunch not to pay for itself, the cost of it to the taxpayers would be small, probably, in comparison with the money now wasted in equipment, of which ill-nourished children are not able to make use.

"The Restless Woman Question"

NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL, Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN your editorial comment of August 16 you give us a paragraph on the restless woman. Be advised by a friend and admirer. Do not risk your dignity by venturing beyond your depth and trying to fathom the restless woman question.

Man is simple and woman is complex by nature.

I venture this hackneyed bit of wisdom in exchange for your mildewed statement that "women need a religion and a home."

IT is not given to the most subtle man to know the whys and wherefores of the simplest of women. Some inexperienced males think to have their own property-right females analyzed and classified as to their fluctuating temperament in a manner to cover all exigencies, only to find that adding compendiums to cover exceptions to their rules is a greater task than the original and one requiring the patience of the weather man. No one man can explain any one woman, yet you attempt in one short paragraph to settle this question which is a fusion of all that is unanswerable in all time—a complexity that results from the lack of adaptation to their environment of all classes of women during all time, by telling us what we need—a "return of belief—a dispensation of authority—a religion and a home." You are like a dog chasing his tail—you don't get anywhere. Dear man! woman has had these privileges during all the ages, and in spite of such blessings as a dispensation of authority she has become restless—now pray show me the logic of your cure-all by telling her to go back to first causes.

WE believe in evolution as applied to all phases of life—that through fire and flood—through tears and blood, in spite of all the seemingly hopeless conditions that complicate existence—there is an unfolding of the powers of man that makes him dominant, and makes of civilization something increasingly better.

Man, the simple one, is allowed infinite variety in life to keep pace with this evolution. We no longer expect him to spend his whole time eating raw flesh and sleeping in the sun. But with woman, the complex being, convention cripples evolution and tries to restrict her to her primitive vocation alone—that of motherhood and suckling her young—and if she ventures into any other path you denounce her in words big, brassy and empty sounding, signifying nothing, like the clown's brass band of the circus—"a disturber of the world's

work, a slightly exotic deflector of man's efficiency, a troublesome sex machine"—troublesome because we don't "stay where we were put" with a club in times prehistoric.

A man may be a father and enjoy the honor and distinction of a career, but when a woman aims to be a mother plus any line of work or diversion that suits her tastes—something outside the life of the primitive woman—we hear this talk of the menace of the restless woman; and you prate to us that "only in motherhood is woman able to win her own center of quiet and man's belief."

Why take it for granted that we are such lovers of quiet or that man's belief in woman is any more necessary to her quietude than woman's belief in man?

Aside from being queen of the dish pan and of the nursery—by your imperial consent—woman has had foisted upon her all the difficult virtues, as self-sacrifice, self-abnegation, chastity—and all virtues that would be some tax on the man—and she is generously given these as her very own—whereby she may work out vicariously the salvation of the race.

MEN, as a class, are not so impregnated with parental instincts that we expect their whole lives to be given over to fatherly deeds, yet you, Mr. Editor, prescribe the life of woman to the maternal instinct and allow her to be a "social worker, patient (notice the patient) teacher, a nurse, or a nun." What a beautiful crown of self-abnegation you would have us wear! And you would fasten it securely with thorns.

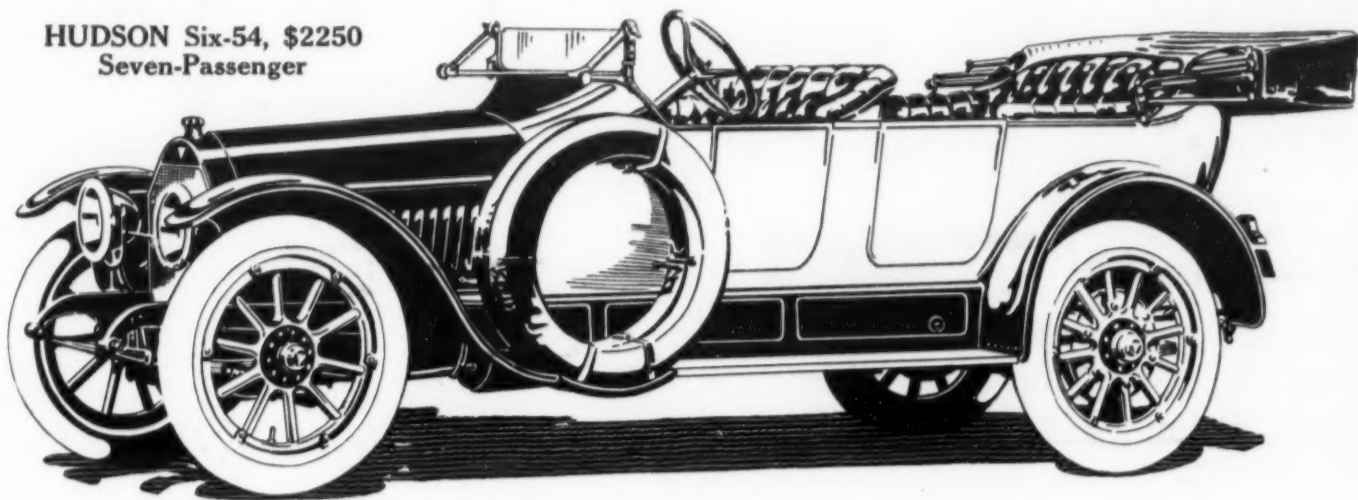
We are tired of man's world and man's conventions being thrust upon us, tired of our halos, tired of our thrones; we want to come down and share with you the glory and the self-sacrifice of parenthood as well as some of the individual liberties of the free-born.

We are restless, we are glad to venture "out in mid-channel where choppy seas prevail," out from the haven of our stuffy, becalmed "home and religion" environment—to where the winds blow and the waves beat, fully trusting that time, the inevitable adjuster of life, will bring us to the right port unaided by our old-time pilot, a master who has told us just where to "head in."

I AM writing this from a hospital bed where I suffer in the cause of maternity—I ask nothing of life more than complete motherhood. I am not militant except when "riled," and this is simply a protest against your attempt to settle woman's affairs to your own satisfaction in so lordly a way. Possibly you will allow the other view space in your columns.

MRS. GEORGE HOWE.

HUDSON Six-54, \$2250
Seven-Passenger



Something Really New— Six Cylinders—Distinguished Beauty

Never before have HUDSON designers brought out in one model so many advances.

But it happens that Europe, after reaching the limit in fine engineering, has suddenly corrected many faults in bodies.

And America must follow. Some makers will delay, some chafe and protest. But sooner or later we have always followed European vogue. Those who waited found their models obsolete ere long. You remember how it was with fore-doors.

Here is an ideal body type which marks the coming mode. The world's best designers agree on it. All the best foreign makers will this year exhibit nothing but streamline bodies.

We have not merely copied—we have Hudsonized the type. We have ourselves worked out countless improvements. We have, we believe, the handsomest car you'll see. But the general effect is such as must mark any up-to-date car this year.

Europe is Right

And Europe is right. Look at passing models. Note that abrupt and in-artistic angle at the dash. Compare with this model, where the streamline runs unbroken from tip to tip.

Compare the high-hung, top-heavy

bodies with this low-hung effect. Compare old-type fenders with these new.

Compare the old way of carrying extra tires, blocking one front door, or on the rear, when the balance of the car is disturbed. Now both front doors are clear and still the tires are where they should be—on the running board.

Note that every door hinge is concealed. Why did we ever have body sides marred by projecting hinges?

Note the left-side drive, the center control, the deep cushions with high backs. You sit in the car, not on it.

Now we have four forward speeds.

We have wide tonneau doors.

We have every operation and control within reach of the driver's hand.

You know that these things are desirable. Now that they have been thought of, and adopted abroad, what car can resist coming to them?

Other New Things

Here are other new features which we have adopted in this new HUDSON Six-54:

A seven-passenger body, where the extra seats fold out of the way.

135-inch wheel base—36 x 4½-inch tires. Gasoline tank in dash, also an European innovation.

The Delco system of electric self-cranking—the rapid type built especially for this car. Powerful electric lights with dimming attachment.

Speedometer set in dash. Concealed noiseless gears set into the axle.

Yale lock on ignition control.

Rain-vision windshield. Genuine Pantasote top with curtains attached, ready for instant lowering. Electric horn—trunk rack—tire holders—license carriers. Every comfort and convenience known.

Built by Howard E. Coffin and His Engineers

Here too is the latest production of Howard E. Coffin and his great engineering corps. The men who built the former HUDSON Six, one of the greatest successes ever known in this industry.

This is their masterpiece. The largest, finest, strongest car these men have ever built. Their sturdiest car, their most comfortable car, most dependable.

And note the price. Note how this factory, with its mammoth output, has cut the cost of Sixes. Think of a Six of this power and size and room selling for \$2250. Even one year ago such a price was unthinkable.

See This Innovation

Your local HUDSON dealer has this car on show. Go see it, if only to see the trend of design in motor cars. Compare it side by side with old-style cars and judge which you want to drive.

See it now—while it's new.

Our catalog on request.

HUDSON Motor Car Company
7705 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

We have never been able to get six-cylinder smoothness in a Four

Leakproof and mighty handy, too

This pen I carry. I call it my "Jack Knife Safety," because it is the handiest pen I ever saw. I carried it on a camping trip in my trousers pocket, used it every day and found it



always clean and it wrote like a fresh dipped pen.

Geo. S. Parker.

PARKER

Jack Knife Safety Fountain Pen

Always reliable and 100% efficient. Don't worry about where you put the Jack Knife Safety Pen—any place will do. It's a real safety, yet perfectly simple and without springs or valves. It certainly is a trouble-proof pen.

The Lucky Curve

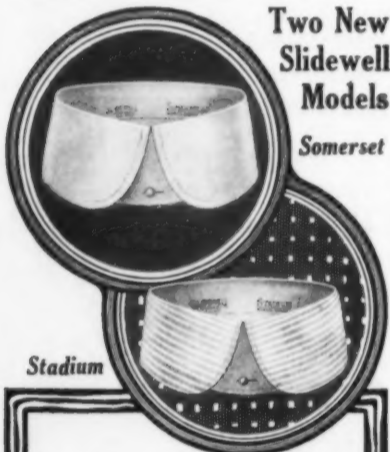
The big patented idea that makes the Parker the cleanly fountain pen.

The pens illustrated are only two of hundreds of different styles in Jack Knife Safety, Standard and Self-Filling pens at \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$5 and up.

15,000 Dealers sell Parker Pens on trial. If you can't locate a dealer, send for complete illustrated catalog.

Parker Pen Company
98 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

NEW YORK RETAIL STORE, WOOLWORTH BLDG.



Two New Slidewell Models

Somerset

THE action of the U. S. Patent Authorities on August 19, 1913, on the tie-and-time-and-temper-saving shield in

SLIDEWELL COLLARS

makes this greatest of all collar comforts not only supreme but exclusive—not to be imitated.
15c—2 for 25c
HALL, HARTWELL & COMPANY, Troy, N.Y.



A Fine Compliment to Your Good Judgment

is the possession of a Utica Plier, because it saves you time, money and worry, because there are facets that leak, screws that loosen and a thousand and one things that come up every day in the week, that you could readily fix with a Utica Plier without the aid of a skilled mechanic. Any man, woman or child can use a Utica Plier with ease, and every man and woman should have a Utica Plier No. 750 in the home, store, office, stable, workshop and factory and carry a Utica No. 30-4 inch pocket plier in their pocket or purse.

Get a Utica Plier to-day at your hardware or electrical supply dealer's, and give it a trial. We believe in the **Quality and Usefulness** of our pliers and pliers and we know you will be satisfied, so we say to you that if you are not satisfied, we will return your money or give you a new tool. May we send you Utica Pliers, free?

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., UTICA, N. Y.

EDWARDS FIREPROOF STEEL GARAGES

For Automobiles and Motorcycles

\$30 and Up

Easy to put up. Portable. All sizes. Postal brings latest illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 333-383 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Bull Moose and Rattlesnakes

(Continued from page 6)



Walpi is on a mesa, rising sheer from the flat of the desert, battlemented like a fortification

A rope is run on posts three feet from the edge of the precipice. The space behind instantly fills with whites and Indians, who stand apparently unconscious of those six hundred downward feet that yawn at their very heels. We are interested in the crowd, a sartorial motley, a linguistic medley, an ethnological hodgepodge: men of many breeds and garbs; squaws in the gayest silks and sheaths of Moqui Land; ladies in divided skirts and high boots; boys and girls both pale and red; some residents of the State who have seen every dance for years, and others who have never seen one; the long hair of artists or poets or plain unescutcheoned freaks; the thick eyeglasses of scientific-looking folk; the motorists of yesterday from all over the Southwest—with these the squaws who own the houses do a ticket-speculating business that would excite envy in the theatre district of New York, and presently the rank of houses on our right looks like some gay football bleachers.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SNAKES

BEFORE us, halfway up the plaza, and crowded close against the side of the houses, is a wigwam of green, leafy cottonwood boughs, their feet shrouded in gunny bags. This, it is whispered awesomely, is the kisi (kee-sa). Here, we are told, the snakes will be placed. In front of the kisi is a board which will give forth a hollow sound when stomped upon. The Hopis believe this board marks the umbilical entrance to the underworld. We shall hear them stomp upon it to convey messages to their kin who have not yet escaped from subterranean depths.

At four o'clock there is much excitement. Two or three almost naked men appear, carrying sacks that look to be filled with rather lively bologna sausages.

"The snakes!" everybody hisses at once.

We watch, duly impressed, while the priests stoop, untie the mouths of the bags, and loose the squirming coils into the kisi. Only one of us upon the platform is blasé—the Colonel. And that because, it is whispered, the Indians have this day shown him a mark of especial favor. He has been permitted to witness the awesome ceremony of the washing of the snakes. We ask the Colonel if it is true. He admits it. We ask him what he saw, and he explains that it is very interesting, but, courtesy to his hosts, you know, he really could not. And he is quite right. So we have to find out from some other source; but that is not difficult, since the Government has it all nicely printed in a book.

BEHIND THE SECRET SCENES

AND here is what the Colonel saw that made him quiver with excitement as he talked about its impressions later. First, of course, the inside of the kiva, dark, rectangular, with horses and other animals rudely sketched upon its walls; a snake altar, a bowl of purification water made holy by many incantations; circles of naked priests, and—the snakes! Yes, so soon after the Michigan vindication, as if in mockery of it, the Colonel sees snakes, dozens, scores, hundreds of snakes.

The scene begins quietly with the circle of snake priests swishing their turkey-feather snake whips, the leaders passing a ceremonial pipe from lip to lip, and

the rattlers letting fly a warning clash of their castanets as if aware of what is coming. Gradually the sense of movement increases, intensity tightens, a low emphatic chant of the priests grows louder and then louder still; eyes of men and serpents glitter; human frenzies kindle; a priest seizes a venomous reptile by the neck, holds it over the purification bowl, and sweeps it up and down, while it writhes and twists about his arms; another priest with another serpent, and another, join the first about the bowl; the chant rises higher and higher; all is movement, all is intensity, all is excitement; there is scrambling of priests for snakes; there is writhing and hiss and rattle of the serpents; the chant has become a war shriek, bloodcurdling in its quality, as the snakes are now plunged into the bowl and then hurled roughly upon the sand and meal of the snake altar; more snakes and more; more baptisms and more; more shrieks and more; more serpents swung and hurled about; more confusion; more excitement; more hurrying to and fro of human, frenzied figures; a wild, barbaric orgy, and then a climax!

After that, as the last of the snakes have been immersed and dried in the sand, the song drops lower; motion and commotion decline, diminish, cease. The snakes, happy to be let alone, coil in horribly suggestive shadows in the corners of the kiva, and the priests sink down exhausted. The ceremony of the washing of the snakes, the most weird and terrible rite of the American Indian, is at an end.

And this is what the Colonel saw. To be permitted to witness it was to receive a mark of very high favor, an honor conferred before that in all time upon no more white men than it takes to make a kitchen cabinet.

THE ANTELOPE PRIESTS

BUT now comes Harry, whose Indian name since he has gained a sacred title no Hopi will pronounce, but which signifies Little Fox, and his title is Hoyah-wah-lma, which means Chief Snake Dancer. Harry wears a breechclout and an anxious look. He carries a pouch and is levying tribute, one dollar for each camera in action. Everybody seems to have a black picture box of some shape, and Harry moves on slowly, searching with an X-ray eye until his pouch is full.

And still we wait! The crowd continually diverts itself by taking snaps of the Colonel: when he laughs, a picture; when he eats an apple, a picture; when he declines a drink of soda pop, a picture.

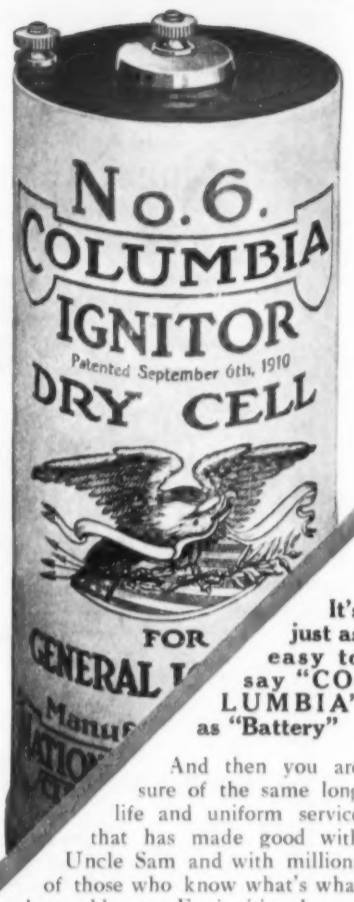
As time hangs heavily the correspondent ventures a doubtful jest: "Colonel, if you had got as many votes as your picture has been taken times this afternoon, you would be President now."

The Colonel catches him responsively, and adds:

"Yes, if they were electoral votes." But there is a gleam in his eye which a guilty conscience interprets doubtfully. Did he enjoy the jest, or was he only too courteous not to frown?

But at last, thank the Hopi gods, the dance!

Enter first the line of the Antelope priests. All hips are killed; all bodies are bare and smeared with zigzag lines to represent the lightning. Chins are



It's just as easy to say "COLUMBIA" as "Battery"

And then you are sure of the same long life and uniform service that has made good with Uncle Sam and with millions of those who know what's what the world over. For ignition, household or any other dry-battery purpose.

Convenient Fahnestock spring clip connections at no extra charge

National Carbon Co.
Cleveland, Ohio U. S. A.

Nine factories in United States and Canada.

Not Nearly Enough Accountants

To escape from the overcrowded ranks of clerks and bookkeepers one step is necessary—and only one step.

That step can be taken without interfering with your present work. You can "learn while you earn."

A larger salary and a more fascinating work awaits you as an accountant.

Training Is All You Lack

The Dean of our school is Mr. Seymour Walton, one of the best known Certified Public Accountants in this country.

Our courses have been adopted by leading universities and are absolutely guaranteed. Our correspondence course is the same course as given in our resident school. You owe it to your future to send for our free catalogue.

WALTON SCHOOL ACCOUNTANCY 865-875 Peoples Gas Bldg. Chicago



ROTASTROP

Sharpens any razor in two seconds

No skill—just insert razor—turn handle—and enjoy smooth, swift, painless shaves for life.

Write for 10 days free trial offer
Burke Sales Co., Dept. 1, Dayton, O.

Guaranteed To Increase

Tire Mileage

Dykes Innerliners are sold under positive guarantee to increase tire mileage 50%. Prevent blow-outs and punctures. Make old tires run hundreds of extra miles. Inserted between outer casing and inner tube. Ready for use. Easy to apply. Sold Everywhere. 3" x 25, 30, 35, 40—\$2.50; 4" x 30, 32, 34, 36—\$3.00; 4" x 38, 40, 42, 44, 46—\$3.50; 4" x 42—\$4.00; 4" x 44—\$4.50. Write for booklet.

John L. G. Dykes Co., Dept. 11, Chicago

A Penny Pays the Bill

Sold on trial and guaranteed! Saves its cost in fuel alone over and over again, saves time and labor. Fits better and anywhere, no wires or tubes to connect, always ready. Agents wanted. For Descriptive Circular and Special First Order Offer, Write Us
105 High Street South Bend, Indiana

painted black; the middle of the face is smeared with white. The leader wears a chaplet of green leaves, and anklets of the same. All is movement, rhythm, earnestness. An awed silence breeds itself in the crowd. As the line wriggles round the outside of the little plaza, we discover that the last half of it is composed of children, apparently from ten to fourteen years. As they circle, the body movement is, while slight, so constant and rhythmic that the senses fail utterly at grasping details and holding them unconfused. Four times about the croquet ground, and the Antelope Order straightens out against the walls of the houses on our right, their center broken by the kisi, which the line flanks on either side.

Beyond the Antelopes appear a group of gaudy squaws bearing bowls. "The corn maidens!" is the whisper.

THE DANCE

BUT the snake priests are coming. Again that strange rhythmic action of twenty or more men at once, which takes the eye off detail and holds it enthralled by a kaleidoscopic ensemble of color and action. These faces are made up in a manner quite in contrast with that of the Antelopes; chins are white, middle faces are black, foreheads are reddened somewhat. The effect is to make the features appear larger and the brows almost noble. They carry themselves with an inscrutable dignity which impresses more and more as the dance proceeds. Their kilts are striped at the bottom in alternating black, blue, yellow, and red; otherwise their bodies are bare and painted with black upon shoulders and red upon arms and legs. Red feathers are in the hair and red fox skins are fastened at the waist, so that the bushy tails just sweep the heels of the dancers. All have moccasins, and one old man, bent nearly double by his years, wears the black claws of bears upon the toes of his.

One wrist is clasped with a broad bracelet; the other is circled by strings of sea shells of many kinds. Tied about each right leg below the knee is a whole tortoise shell, painted in several colors and having a deerskin flap, fringed with dried hoofs of kids or fawns, which in the motion of the dancing leg strike upon the tortoise shell with a hollow, rattling sound.

As they move there is an unceasing vibration of the whole body, so that the constant click of their ornaments fills the ear and constitutes a tonal atmosphere, out of which the music of the chant rises on half-charmed senses.

In the right hand of each Antelope priest is a tambourinelike disk containing snake rattles. Each snake priest carries a whip of turkey feathers.

Four times the dancers encircle the croquet ground, while first at one end and then the other stands the "bull roarer," giving his best and most prayerful imitation of the roll of thunder upon a distant mesa; and each time the dancers have passed that umbilical board before the kisi they have delivered a mighty stomp.

But now they form platoon, facing the kisi and the Antelope priests at a distance of but a few feet, and instantly enter upon that low chant, half music and half motion, which is the most beautiful and impressive part of the dance. Rhythm of action and tone is the basis. The bodies of the snake priests are agitated by what may be described as a crouch-and-recover movement.

The chant begins without words.

Swish-h-h-h! Swish-h-h-h! Swish-h-h-h!
Swish-h-h-h! Swish-h-h-h! Swish-h-h-h!

These are the strokes horizontally made to the right and the left of the

rattle bearing disks of the Antelope priests, which give forth a prolonged, eerie hiss.

During this the snake priests are silent, but the long line of foxtails at their backs quiver in unison with that crouch-and-recover movement, while their turkey-feather whips move to right and left in exact plane and time with the swish of the rattling disks.

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!
Hu-yuh! Hu-yuh! Hu-yuh!
Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!
Hu-yuh! Hu-yuh! Hu-yuh!

This is the response of the snake priests to the rhythmic antiphonal of the Antelope Order, although my phonetics may utterly misrepresent the gutturals which they intone so reverently.

Many times this swish of rattles and chant of voices is alternated; then one of the priests stands before the kisi pronouncing an exorcism of some sort. The platoon of snake priests swings into a combination of double and single column; two men and then one, two men and then one, till the whole line is split into these trios. Each pair, as it passes the kisi, stoops and fumbles under the gunny-bag curtains, then rises and passes out of sight behind the Snake Rock. When they face us again, moving with a combination of dance and

march that is queerly solemn—Ugh! Yes, and again Ugh!!! The inside man has a snake—in his mouth—coiling and writhing about his face. As he approaches we observe that it is a rattler about three feet long. We see its eyes glitter and the forked tongue flicker and dart; but the man upon the right keeps it harmless by tickling and teasing it with his turkey feather. That appears to be his position in the game, tickler-in-extraordinary to the snakes that writhe in the teeth of his partner.

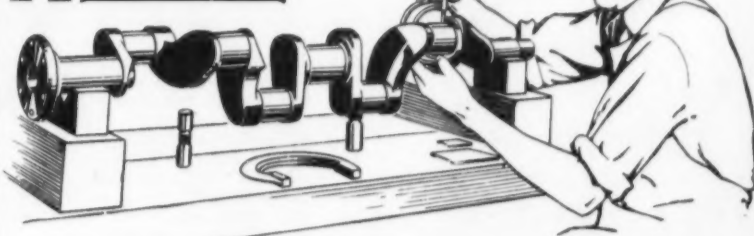
Twice the trio circles the plaza, and on the second lap, just in front of us, without touching the serpent with his hands, the snake biter, who has been careful not to hurt the reptile, flings it from him with a motion of the chin. At this point appears the function of number three in the trio. He, too, is armed with turkey feathers, and he tantalizes the fallen snake for a moment, then swiftly seizes it in his hand and runs off to fall in behind his partners, who by this time have another snake out of the kisi and are once more on their way.

And so the dance proceeds: always this marching double column; always these vibrant bodies; always the air filled with the rattle and click of shells and hollow hoofs; always, except for the short interval between the dropping of one snake and the seizing of another, the inside man of the column, slightly humped over but never missing a stride of that rhythmic, prancing gait, moves forward with a snake in his mouth. The snakes are of several kinds: bull snakes, blue racers, and so on, but the majority are rattlers, and of these the most vicious acting are that short desert breed known as sidewinders.

THE DISCIPLINE OF FEARLESSNESS

THEY fight every time when dropped to the ground, coiling and recoiling, striking and backing and striking again, keeping the third man jumping warily, till presently the snake makes a fatal movement to retire or in some way permits his reptilian goat to be got, whereupon the priest suddenly grabs him up with no more concern than if he had been a piece of rope, and goes galloping off to join his partners. Once or twice a lively snake darts in among the line standing with their backs to the cliff. There is a hasty scattering, much laughter and excitement, but, to our great wonder, nobody falls over the cliff.

Continental Motors



The Final Test of Fitness

With fingers delicate as those of a lacemaker, with calipers and gauges recording fractions of a thousandth part of an inch, he checks off size, shape, form—37 dimensions in all. This inspector of finished crankshafts is an autocrat whose word is final—a "Guardian of the Faith" placed in the Continental. And the crankshaft is but one of the 1292 listed parts that go into the assembly of this famous motor.

The motors you hear are not Continental Motors

Noise in a motor is the protest of the mechanism against the negligence of the maker. Thanks to the watchfulness of this workingman and his fellows, Continental Motors are practically noiseless. Continental carefulness lathes, grinds, polishes, measures, analyses until all the 1292 parts are so accurately fitted that they operate with the quiet purr of an electric fan.

Over sixty leading engineers are specifying more than 40,000 Continental Motors for 1914—in order to give you what you ought to have for service and satisfaction.

Continental Motor Mfg. Co.
Factories: Detroit and Muskegon, Mich. Detroit, Mich.



A Magnified Dollar's Worth



The Ingersoll DOLLAR WATCH

Year after year, the buying power of the dollar has decreased. Year after year, the prices of most standard commodities have increased.

The Ingersoll is one of the few exceptions.

The brain that was responsible for the first Ingersoll Dollar Watch has worked all these years to make the Ingersoll a still greater dollar's worth.

Every year has seen the Ingersoll thinner, finer, more elegantly finished, more expensive to make—but still sold at the same price.

Only an article that has the confidence of the public, the widespread reputation and tremendous demand of the Ingersoll, can tell the same story. See for yourself how much your dollar buys in an Ingersoll.

The five leading Ingersoll models are:—

The Dollar Watch	\$1.00
The Eclipse, thin model for men	1.50
The Junior, medium size thin model	2.00
The Midget, models for Ladies and girls	2.00
The Wrist Watch	2.50

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 58 Ashland Bldg., New York City



Plenty for Afternoon Tea

in the Sunshine Revelation Box which we cheerfully send

As Our Gift

14 kinds of biscuit confections, fresh from the ovens of the Sunshine Bakery—"The Bakery with a Thousand Windows."

Sunshine
Specialties

Send us 10 cents (for postage and packing) with your name and address and your grocer's name, and this Sunshine Revelation Box will be sent you by return mail.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
634 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass.

The Tip That Never Comes Off

It is covered by part of the lace itself.

No metal to pull off—
No enamel to wear off—
No composition to soften.

Boston Tip
PATENTED
SHOE LACES

wear longer because a third stronger. Guaranteed color-fast and weather-proof.

Be a pair at your dealer's—if he hasn't them, send to us.

Boston Spiral Tagging Co.
Providence, R. I.



"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have important roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster Brakes and Hubs; Pneumatic Front Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed 2 years.

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are asked for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$5 to \$8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL Write upon approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U.S., without a trial in advance. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a merchandise note offer. A postal brings everything. Write if you.

TIRES Coaster Brakes Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, and sundries half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-54, CHICAGO

The University of Chicago

HOME STUDY

in addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.

For detailed information address

22nd Year U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

At another time a snake breaks through the cordon of Antelope dancers to where a fringe of ladies sit on stools and camp chairs. There is a sudden flutter. A row of pale faces seems abruptly to fly upward. Somebody swallows a shriek. But an Indian has grabbed the snake and is out with it. So great is the impressiveness of the ceremony that the woman over whose toes a deadly serpent has wriggled forgets to faint and merely presses her way out of that spot, looking pale and distressed. The rhythm of the dance has not been broken, nor its spell upon performers or beholders.

More snakes and still more snakes. Finally one man prances by with two in his mouth; still the squirming; still the tonal rhythm; still a strange gravity upon these blackened faces which amounts almost to nobility.

THE COLONEL LIKES FIGHTING SNAKES

ONE of the snake ticklers dreams for a moment. The snake, catching him off the base, turns and plants a vicious jab in the cheek of the man who carries him. The tickler wakes up; his turkey feather brushes the snake from the wound; a tiny red mark appears; the serpent writhes defiantly; but the bitten dancer moves on with step unbroken.

It is interesting to see all the love of the wild in Colonel Roosevelt come out. He is impressed by the solemnity of the dance; but watches snakes more than priests. Every little encounter between the snake upon the ground and the man who is trying to pick him up elicits the Colonel's interest. The bet-

ter fight the snake makes the better the Colonel likes that snake.

By and by all the snakes are out—two hundred of them, we are told. The helpers are loaded down with snakes; the Antelope priests, even to the smallest boys, have their arms festooned with wriggling coils. The parading stops. The corn maidens advance and strew meal in a circle before the sacred rock. The scudding priests with lightning movements dump all the snakes into this circle, piling the squirming mass higher and higher while the holy meal is sprinkled upon them.

Abruptly a priest snatches handfuls of serpents and dashes away toward the desert; then another and another; east, south, west, north they go, till the confines of the town are reached and the last of the serpents are liberated, to find their way back into the deserts, to whisper their prayers to the gods of the Hopis, the ka-ti-na spirits who live in the center of the earth, to say to them that the Hopis are a good people, that they have been kind to the snakes, and to ask that plenty rain should fall this year in Moqui Land, and plenty of corn sprout in their little oases, and plenty lambs and kids be found in their rock-bound corrals.

So ends the Snake Dance!

Except for a purification ceremony which takes place in half an hour on the other side of the rock from the dance plaza as the priests return from the scattering of the serpents, a purification which we witnessed, but which was so thorough it had best be left undescribed and unimagined.

"Bucking the Tiger" (Concluded from page 17)

came down the street and sat himself on the Mulcaerty step, armed with a pencil and notebook. He drew Tim out to the last fact, to say nothing of items that bore little or no resemblance to facts.

"And weren't you afraid, Mr. Mulcaerty—at the mercy of that great beast, alone in the street?"

Tim struck an attitude. "I was not," he declared. "The thoughts av the wimmin an' helpless childher bore me up. I sez t'meslf: 'Tim,' sez I, 'sta-and fir-m, me bhoy! Lave the crowsl baste tear-r the guts out av yez if it's set its moind on it,' sez I, 'but sa-a-ve the wimmin an' childher!'" He wiped his eyes on his

sleeve, overcome by the remembrance. When he looked up a moment later, he surprised Mrs. Mulcaerty's eyes fixed on him with a curiously dubious expression that tied his fluent tongue for a few seconds. But neither then nor afterward, when the Carnegie medal arrived and was pinned on Tim's proud breast, did she question her husband's sublime courage on that occasion. And as often as the bibulous Timmie pawned the medal, Mrs. Mulcaerty dutifully took it "out of soak," thinking the money so spent a small and insignificant price to pay for her prestige as the wife of "THE HERO OF SCRUB STREET!"

An Episode at Sea

By SADA COWAN

WE had just been discussing racial differences, in the smoking room, when the ship's doctor joined us. He sat for a few moments in silence, listening to us boys—who three weeks ago couldn't tell a Chinaman from a Japanese—now airing our newly acquired knowledge as though we were authorities, when he said, just a trifle impatiently:

"Yes, they are a strange people, queer and cliquish and secretive. It's much easier to get close to a Jap than to a Chinaman. You never get intimate. The Japs talk more—can't keep their mouth shut. If anything happens here on board," he paused and smiled grimly ("you know, in a little family of eight hundred like this, something or other is bound to happen on each trip), we like to keep those things quiet, and we try to. It's best for the passengers and better for us. Well, if anything does go wrong and the Chinamen hear of it, we've nothing to bother about, but just let those Jap boys, the stewards, get hold of it and it's known all over the ship before you can say 'Jack Robinson!'" A queer lot—like a pack of women! And yet, you know, you can't help liking some things about them. They are so human, so big-hearted, so—Christian. Yes, I know they are heathen—but Christian for all that; everlastingly looking out for each other, helping the underdog, considering the common good. Why, they do things we can't possibly understand and they think nothing of it. Just see what has happened on this very trip. They called me late last night to a sick Jap baby down in the stowage. Cute little thing—in pretty bad shape, too! When I came in, a young man—couldn't have been more than twenty-three or four—was walking the floor with her trying to quiet her. 'What have you been feeding it on?' I asked.

"Tin-can milk."

"Condensed?"

"Ya—condensed."

"Feed it yourself?"

"Me too sick," he said.

"I got them to show me the can and found that some one had been giving the baby old milk. We got her fixed up all right after a while, then I started in to give the father instructions how to take care of his kid. For it's no joke crossing the Pacific with a seven-months-old baby."

"I should think not," I answered, being the only one of our party who had had any practical experience with infants. "And what do you think that young man told me?" the doctor went on.

"Can't imagine," I replied. "What did he say?"

"Listen! 'Father? Me no father—me never seen baby until day before ship go. Me take baby to grand people in Yokohama.'"

"I did not grasp the situation at all. Do you know the grandparents?" I asked.

"Me no know grandparents—me no know baby. Me meet baby's father last night—first time. Mother dead—run away—me no know. Me take baby home, that's all."

"Yes, sir! That's what he was doing: a twenty-three-year-old boy playing nurse girl to a stranger's baby; bugging that youngster back to strange people, and just because the father was one of his countrymen and the boy was able to help him! Catch one of our American men doing it! No, sir—no much! We're too civilized—too Christian! Christian? Those Pagans could teach us more in half an hour than we have learned in nineteen hundred years. And now you know what I think about it."

The doctor relit his pipe, rose clumsily, and left us looking at each other sheepishly. We hadn't as much to say to each other now about the benefit of European civilization to the Oriental.

FREE A GREAT NEW MUSICAL WORK

ALL MANDOLIN AND GUITARDOM of Three Continents is set agog by the "GIBSON" Violin

construction of Mandolin and Guitar

Exclusive "GIBSON" Features

Carved Top and Back; Stradivarius arching; scientific graduation from thick in center to delicate thickness at rim which simultaneously secures strength and sensitiveness and complete free vibration of entire sound-board by extending the vibrational lines of least resistance clear to the rim.

A tilted neck permits a high bridge on both Mandolin and Guitar, which with the extension string-holder secures vertical and increased string pressure sufficient to pulsate a larger and thicker sounding-board; thus producing a richness of tone never before realized.

Relative treatment of top and back secures sympathetic vibration from the back-board which additionally supports the tone. Necks are reinforced, and made non-warpage. Guard-plates or finger-rests are elevated on all "Gibson" instruments. Easy action. Adjustable string bearing at bridge overcomes sharpening of heavier strings in upper positions. Get a "Gibson" on approval at as low as \$1.00 down and \$1.00 a month. (Only 5c. a day.)

Write for nothing to investigate. Guarantee. Mail order. Free sample book of 100 pages—98 cuts— and subject-matter on instrument construction, instrumentation, orchestration, great American and European Artists and Orchestras; a terse compilation of virtue truth. For the player and teacher of strings.

Also FREE Treatise "HOW TO PRACTICE, WHEN AND WHY, PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED." The greatest lecture in three decades on this specific subject.

Write today. If a teacher, do business on our capital. Stock furnished. We help sell. We pay the advertising. You pay for goods when sold; returns goods not sold. Try our "Still Hunt." Catalog and thematic list free. Enclose your card.

OPEN—A splendid, permanent teaching and business opportunity to the right teacher. Either sex. 25¢ Write promptly. Other positions pending.

GIBSON MANDOLIN GUITAR CO.
526 Harrison Court, Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

Said Mrs. Left Leg to Mrs. Right Leg, "So embarrassing—these ugly garter tears and ripped seams."

"They don't trouble me," said Mrs. Right Leg; "I wear

IPSWICH

HEMNIT It Won't Garter-Run."

The "knit-in" hem stops all garter runs. No seams to rip—stockings are seamless. Knit snugly at the ankle and elastic at the knee and top, thus offering the advantage of the "out-size."

Comfort, security and style are assured when you buy

No. 2305 Light weight mercerized yarn

No. 2310 Medium weight mercerized yarn

Made in Black, Tan and White at 25c a pair. Ask your dealer for IPSWICH HEMNIT. If he cannot supply you write to us.

IPSWICH MILLS

8 Bay Street
IPSWICH, MASS.

Established 1822
Many styles for Men, Women and Children, at 15c and 25c a pair.

Trade-Mark

THE FINCH SCHOOL

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Intermediate, Upper School and Post Graduate Departments. Technical School includes domestic training, secretarial course, book-binding, etc. Mrs. Jessie Finch Congrave, Principal, 61 East 77th St., New York City.

PATENTS OF FULL VALUE OBTAINED OR ALL FEES BACK

Write us at once for particulars, and proof that we will aid you most to get most money for your invention.

E. S. & E. LACEY, Dept. L, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

Binder for Collier's

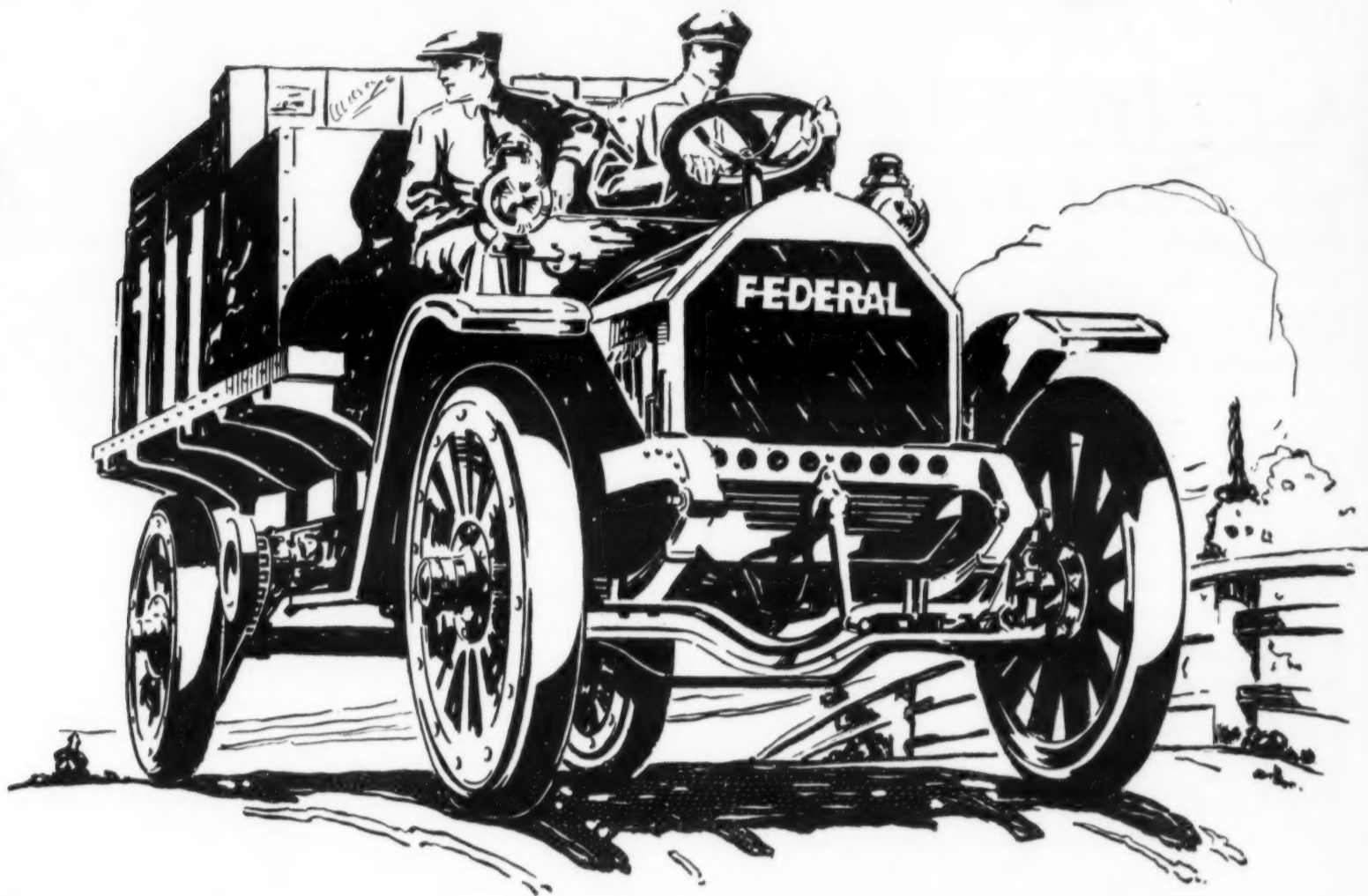
\$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

FEDERAL



Because we build more trucks of one type than anyone else—your transportation costs less.

We have always built trucks of *one size and capacity*, and are today the *largest producers of 3,000 pound trucks*.

That's why we can produce this truck at a price of \$300 to \$1000 *less than any other truck approximating the high efficiency and low up-keep of the Federal*.

Federals are working in *over 100 lines of business*, and in *every state in the Union*.

Let us send *your* copy of the Blue Book of Traffic. It is the story of *the modern method of delivery—FEDERALIZED TRANSPORTATION*.

PRICE
Includes Seat, Lamps,
Tools, Etc.

\$1800

Body Extra.
Built to meet individual
requirements.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY,

DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

Don't confuse this with ordinary "make-shift" roofings—we guarantee it 15 years and inside each roll furnish modern ideas for laying it artistically and permanently.

Certain-teed

Rolls Roofing Shingles

When ready roofing was first put on the market, the public demanded that it must prove its value by actual wear on the roof. **Certain-teed** Roofing has stood the test for years—it has made good in all climates and under the most severe conditions. When artistically laid it makes a roof you can well be proud of.

You can't tell how long roofing will wear by looking at it—so for your own protection, accept no substitutes—be sure that the **Certain-teed** Quality Label is on each roll.



Sold by dealers everywhere at a reasonable price.

General Roofing Manufacturing Company
E. St. Louis, Ill. York, Pa. Marseilles, Ill.



Certain-teed Shingles for Bungalows and Residences



Certain-teed Roofing in Rolls for Farm Homes and Buildings



If You Can Draw You Can Make Money

providing your talent is guided to accord with commercial requirements. If you are looking for an opportunity to put your artistic talent to commercial use write us. Good advertising artists receive good salaries, and we teach advertising art by correspondence. Our students receive personal instruction and criticism. No printed lessons; every problem an individual assignment adapted to the needs of each student. Some of our pupils are selling work done in the course. Why not become one of them? Send us a sample of your work with return postage for free criticism. We do not teach cartooning.

ACADEMY OF ADVERTISING ART
1100 Auditorium Tower, Chicago, Illinois

"The Ideal of Perfection"

one eminent authority says, "Pears' Soap realizes more closely than any other." "Most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin" says another. Try Pears yourself and you will agree that this famous soap sold

At An Ordinary Price

is of the highest quality in every particle. It cleanses thoroughly—repairs the harm common soaps may have done and is matchless for the complexion. Pears is economical, goes farthest, lasts longest. In every particular your good taste and your judgment will approve

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

COLLIER'S Washington Bureau will furnish to Collier readers a wealth of information on any subject for which Washington is headquarters.

This service is of inestimable value to manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers; to lawyers, doctors and teachers. In a word, to business and professional men in all walks of life.

Make use of our Washington office. Write us upon any subject about which you have reason to believe we can be of help. Write us as often as you like. No charge to the subscribers of Collier's.

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU
901-902 Munsey Building Washington, D. C.

Brother Alfred (Continued from page 8)

They were rattled. There was no doubt about that. They stood looking at him, as if they thought there was a catch somewhere, but weren't quite certain where it was. I introduced him, and still they looked doubtful.

"Mr. Pepper tells me my brother is not on board," said George.

"It's an amazing likeness," said old Marshall.

"Is my brother like me?" asked George amiably.

"No one could tell you apart," I said. "I suppose twins always are alike," said George. "But if it ever came to a question of identification, there would be one way of distinguishing us. Do you know George well, Mr. Pepper?"

"He's a dear old pal of mine."

"You've been swimming with him perhaps?"

"Every day last August."

"Well, then, you would have noticed it if he had had a mole like this on the back of his neck, wouldn't you?"

He turned his back and stooped, and showed the mole. His collar hid it at ordinary times. I had seen it often when we were swimming together up at Bar Harbor.

"Has George a mole like that?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Oh, no."

"You would have noticed it if he had?"

"Yes," I said. "Oh, yes."

"I'm glad of that," said George. "It would be a nuisance not to be able to prove one's own identity."

That seemed to satisfy them all. They couldn't get away from it. It seemed to me that from now on the thing was a walk-over. And I think George felt the same, for when old Marshall asked him if he had had breakfast, he said he had not, went below and pitched into the weakfish as if he hadn't a care in the world.

EVERYTHING went right till lunch time. George sat in the shade on the foredeck, talking to Stella most of the time. When the gong went and the rest had started to go below, he drew me back. He was beaming.

"It's all right," he said. "What did I tell you?"

"What did you tell me?"

"Why, about Stella. Didn't I say that Alfred would fix things for George? I told her she looked worried, and got her to tell me what the trouble was. And then—"

"You must have shown a flash of speed if you got her to confide in you after knowing you for about two hours."

"Maybe I did," said George modestly. "I had no notion, till I became him, what a persuasive sort of gink my brother Alfred was. Anyway, she told me all about it, and I started in to show her that George was a pretty good sort of Johnnie on the whole who oughtn't to be turned down for what was evidently merely temporary insanity. She saw my point."

"And it's all right?"

"Absolutely. If only we can produce George. How much longer does that infernal sleuth intend to stay here? He seems to have taken root."

"I guess he thinks that you're bound to come back sooner or later, and is laying for you."

"He's an absolute nuisance," said George. We were moving toward the companionway, to go below for lunch, when a boat hailed us. We went to the side and looked over.

"It's my uncle," said George.

A stout man came up the gangway.

"Hello, George," he said. "Get my letter?"

"I think you are mistaking me for my brother," said George. "My name is Alfred Lattaker."

"How's that?"

"I am George's brother Alfred. Are you my Uncle Augustus?"

The stout man stared at him.

"You're very like George," he said.

"So everyone tells me."

"And you're really Alfred?"

"I am."

"I'd like to talk business with you for a moment." He cocked his eye at me.

I sidled off and went below. At the foot of the companion steps I met Voules.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Voules. "If it would be convenient, I should be glad to have the afternoon off."

I'm bound to say I rather liked his manner. Absolutely normal. Not a trace of the fellow conspirator about it. I gave him the afternoon off.

I had lunch—George didn't show up—and as I was going out I was waylaid by the girl Pilbeam. She had been crying.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but did Mr. Voules ask you for the afternoon?"

I didn't see what business it was of hers, but she seemed all worked up about it, so I told her.

"Yes, I have given him the afternoon off."

She broke down. Absolutely collapsed. Devilish unpleasant it was. I'm hopeless in a situation like this. After I'd said, "There, there!" which didn't seem to help much, I hadn't any remarks to make.

"He s-said he was going to the tables to gamble away all his savings and then shoot himself, because he had nothing left to live for."

I suddenly remembered the spat in the small hours outside my stateroom door. I hate mysteries. I meant to get to the bottom of this. I couldn't have a really first-class valet-like Voules going about the place shooting himself up. Evidently the girl Pilbeam was at the bottom of the thing. I questioned her. She sobbed.

I questioned her some more. I was firm. And eventually she yielded up the facts. Voules had seen George kiss her the night before; that was the trouble.

Things began to piece themselves together. I went up to interview George.

There was going to be another job for persuasive Alfred. Voules's mind had got to be eased as Stella's had been. I couldn't afford to lose a fellow with his genius for preserving a trouser crease.

I found George on the foredeck. What is it Shakespeare or somebody says about some Johnnie's face being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of care? George's was like that. He looked green.

"Through with your uncle?" I said.

He grinned a ghostly grin.

"There isn't any uncle," he said.

"There isn't any Alfred. And there isn't any money."

"Explain yourself, old top," I said.

"It won't take long. The old crook has spent every penny of the trust money. He's been at it for years, ever since I was a kid. When the time came to cough up, and I was due to see that he did it, he went to the tables in the hope of a run of luck, and lost the last remnant of the stuff. He had to find a way of holding me for a while and postponing the squaring of accounts while he got away, and he invented this twin-brother business. He knew I should find out sooner or later, but meanwhile he would be able to get off to South America, which he has done. He's on his way now."

"You let him go?"

"What could I do? I can't afford to make a fuss with that man Sturgis around. I can't prove there's no Alfred when my only chance of sidestepping prison is to be Alfred."

"Well, you've made things right for yourself with Stella Vanderley, anyway," I said, to cheer him up.

"What's the good of that now? I've hardly any money, and no prospects. How can I marry her?"

I pondered.

"It looks to me, old top," I said at last, "as if things were in a bit of a mess."

"You've guessed it," said poor old George.

He didn't seem pining to have me around at that moment—I left him.

I SPENT the afternoon musing on Life.

If you come to think of it, what a queer thing Life is. So unlike anything else, don't you know, if you see what I mean. At any moment you may be strolling peacefully along, and all the time Life's waiting around the corner to soak it to you good. You can't tell when you may be going to get yours. It's all dashed puzzling. Here was poor old George, as well-meaning a fellow as ever stepped, getting swatted all over the ring by the hand of Fate. Why? That's what I asked myself. Just Life, don't you know. That's all there was to it.

It was close on six o'clock when our third visitor of the day arrived. There was class to this one. He was a count.

We were sitting on the afterdeck in the cool of the evening—old Marshall, Denman Sturgis, Mrs. Vanderley, Stella, George, and I—when he came up. We had been talking of George, and old Marshall was suggesting the advisability of sending out search parties. He was worried. So was Stella Vanderley. So, for that matter, were George and I, only not for the same reason.

We were just arguing the thing out when the visitor appeared. He was a well-built, stiff sort of Johnnie. He spoke with a German accent.

"Mr. Marshall?" he said. "I am Count Fritz von Cöslin, equerry to his Serene Highness"—he clicked his heels together and saluted—"the Prince of Saxburg-Liegnitz." Mrs. Vanderley jumped up.

"Why, Count," she said, "what ages since we met at Washington! You remember?"

"Could I ever forget? And the charming Miss Stella, she is well?"

"Stella, you remember Count Fritz?"

Stella shook hands.

"And how is the poor dear Prince?" asked Mrs. Vanderley. "What a terrible thing to have happened!"

"I rejoice to say that my high-born master is better. He has regained consciousness, and is sitting up and taking nourishment."

"That's good," said old Marshall.

"In a spoon only," sighed the Count. "Mr. Marshall, with your permission, I should like a word with Mr. Sturgis."

"Mr. who?"

The gimlet-eyed sport came forward.

"I am Denman Sturgis, at your service."

"The deuce you are! What are you doing here?"

"Mr. Sturgis," explained the Count, "graciously volunteered his services—"

"I know. But what's he doing here?"

"I am waiting for Mr. George Lattaker, Mr. Marshall."

"Eh?"

"You have not found him?" asked the Count anxiously.

"Not yet, Count. But I hope to do so shortly. I know what he looks like now. This gentleman is his twin brother. They are doubles."

"You are sure this gentleman is not Mr. George Lattaker?"

GEORGE put his foot down firmly on the suggestion. "Don't go mixing me up with my brother," he said. "I am Alfred. You can tell me by my mole."

He exhibited the mole. He was taking no risks.

The Count clicked his tongue regretfully. "I am sorry," he said.

George didn't offer to console him.

"Don't worry," said Sturgis. "He won't escape me. I shall find him."

"Do, Mr. Sturgis, do. And quickly. Find swiftly that noble young man."

"What!" shouted George.

"That noble young man, George Lattaker, who, at the risk of his life, saved my high-born master from the assassin."

George sat down suddenly.

"I don't get you," he said feebly.

"We were wrong, Mr. Sturgis," went on the Count. "We leaped to the conclusion—that it not so?—that the owner of the hat you found was also the assailant of my high-born master. We were wrong. I have heard the story from his Serene Highness's own lips. He was passing down a dark street when a ruffian in a mask sprang out upon him. Doubtless he had been followed from the Casino, where he had been winning heavily. My high-born master was taken by surprise. He was felled. But before he lost consciousness he perceived a young man in evening dress, wearing the hat you found, running swiftly toward him. The hero engaged the assassin in combat, and my high-born master remembers no more. His Serene Highness asks repeatedly: 'Where is my brave preserver?' His gratitude is princely. He seeks for this young man to reward him. Ah, you should be proud of your brother, sir!"

"Thanks," said George limply.

"And you, Mr. Sturgis, you must redouble your efforts. You must search the land; you must scour the sea to find George Lattaker."

"E needn't tyke hall thet trouble," said a voice from the gangway.

It was Voules. His face was flushed, his hat was on the back of his head, and he was smoking a fat cigar.

"I'll tell you where to find George Lattaker," he shouted.

HE glared at George, who was staring at him. "Yes, look at me," he yelled. "Look at me. You won't be the first this hafternoon 'oo's stared at the mysterious Strynger 'oo won for two 'ours without a break. I'll be heven with you now, Mr. Blooming Lattaker. I'll learn you to break a poor man's 'eart. Mr. Marshall and gents, this morning I was on deck, and I overheard 'im plotting to put up a gyne on you. They'd spotted that gent there as a detective, and they arranged that Blooming Lattaker was to pass 'imself haff as 'is hown twin brother. And if you wanted proof, Blooming Pepper tells 'im to show them 'is mole, and 'e'd swear George 'adn't one. Those were 'is very words. That man there is George Lattaker, Hesquire, and let 'im deny it if 'e can."

George got up.

"I haven't the least desire to deny it, Voules."

"Mister Voules, if you please."

"It's quite true," he said, turning to the Count. "The fact is, I had rather a foggy recollection of what happened last night. I only remembered knocking some one down, and, like you, I jumped to the conclusion that I must have assaulted his Serene Highness."

"Then you are really George Lattaker?" asked the Count.

"I am."

"Ere, what does hall this mean?" demanded Voules.

"Merely that I saved the life of his Serene Highness the Prince of Saxburg-Liegnitz, Mr. Voules."

"It's a swindle!" began Voules, when there was a sudden rush, and the girl Pilbeam bucked center, sending me into old Marshall's chair, and flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried. "I thought you were dead. I thought you'd shot yourself."

He sort of braced himself together to fling her off, and then he seemed to think better of it, and fell into the clinch. It was all dashed romantic, don't you know, but there are limits.

"Voules, you're fired," I said.

"Oo cares?" he said. "Think I was going to stop on now I'm a gentleman of property? Come along, Emma, my dear. Give a month's notice and get your 'at, and I'll take you to dinner at Ciro's."

"And you, Mr. Lattaker," said the Count, "may I conduct you to the presence of my high-born master? He wishes to show his gratitude to his preserver."

"You sure may," said George. "May I have my hat, Mr. Sturgis?"

THERE'S just one bit more. After dinner that night I came up for a smoke, and, strolling on to the foredeck, almost bumped into George and Stella. They seemed to be having an argument.

"I'm not sure," she was saying, "that I believe that a man can be so happy that he wants to kiss the nearest thing in sight, as you put it."

"Don't you?" said George. "Well, as it happens, I'm feeling just that way now."

I coughed, and he turned round.

"Hello, Reggie," he said.

"Hello, George," I said. "Lovely night."

"Beautiful," said Stella.

"The moon," I said.

"Corking," said George.

"Lovely," said Stella.

"And look at the reflection of the stars on the—"

George caught my eye. "Beat it," he said. I beat it.

"Price Maintenance" and the "Golden Rule"

I HAVE been giving a great deal of study and careful thought to the question of "Price Maintenance" and the more I learn about it, the more eager I become to pass along the many strong arguments in favor of it. I cannot see how it can fail to appeal to any lover of the "Square Deal" and "Fair Play", if one will but analyze it and think about it.

If you and I want good goods, we must be willing to pay the price; but each one of us wants to feel that every other one is helping to maintain high standards by *paying the same price*. Don't we?

If we do, then we cannot consistently justify any participation in "cut price" operations either on the part of others or—*ourselves*. Here's where the "Golden Rule" confronts us in business and, while we are still a long way off from conditions such as I can close my eyes and think about, we must have our *Ideals* if we ever expect to get anywhere.

The precept of "live and let live" is bound up in the "Golden Rule", and one of the big, practical, and essential factors in the application and successful operation of that doctrine is the elimination of the "cut price" practice and the firm establishment of the policy of "Price Maintenance".

With a fair price and a fair profit, "Price Maintenance" works in the interest of Competition, in the interest of the Manufacturer, in the interest of the large and small Dealer, and in the interest of the Consumer. If the price is too high and the profit unreasonable, it reacts automatically upon the manufacturer and, in order to protect himself, he is promptly compelled to readjust prices and profits on a fair basis. So, you, as the Consumer, have nothing to worry about in the matter. The Consumer is the court of last resort in the question of the fairness of the price, because he holds the purse strings, and the Manufacturer simply *must* govern himself accordingly or go out of business.

You are vitally interested in this question of the "established price"—the same price at all times, in all places, to each one alike—and I am trying to show you, in these Bulletins and the special statements that are published from time to time in Collier's Weekly, that your own personal interest, as well as your desire to practice the "Golden Rule" in business, requires that you do your part in the interest of "Price Maintenance".

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

No. 137

Manager Advertising Department—Collier's Weekly

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOLUME 52

SEPTEMBER 27

NUMBER 2

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, President; E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager; J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer; Charles E. Miner, Secretary; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Manager Advertising Department

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1913 by P. F. Collier & Son, Incorporated. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British Possessions, including Canada. LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street. Price: United States, Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$3.80 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.



The Grocer, the Cat, and the Microbe

IN "the good old days" when nearly all groceries were sold in bulk, when "tabby" strolled and rolled over the counter, sticking her inquisitive nose or her soft, velvet paws into the butter tub and occasionally jumping into the uncovered sugar barrel, we didn't read so much about *germs* and *microbes* as we do today—but they were there just the same, raising big families and having a merry time!

We are becoming more educated every day and no sane woman cares to take chances with her own and her family's health once she has learned of the contaminations to which uncovered bulk goods are exposed.

Look at the illustration at the head of this page. What woman wants the grocer to handle her corn meal or her sugar or anything else that she is going to give her family to eat, right after he has been patting the cat, curry-combing his horse, or blacking his shoes? Try as he may to keep his hands clean, they are simply bound to collect germs; and germs

are expensive things to buy, when mixed with your food!

Today, most groceries are sold in sealed packages—protected from dust, dirt, germs, and moisture. Those food products that, because of their nature, are still sold mostly in bulk, or loose, *should be kept covered*—and you should insist upon it, as do other women in other towns.

But even many of the package goods are impure, adulterated, below standard, or misbranded—and how are you to *know* what to buy? There is one way and *only* one way—send for a copy of

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods"

and use it as your guide in the purchase of food products.

The Westfield Board of Health has been examining and testing foods for many years, solely in the interest of the Consumer, and the products that have been found to measure up to the high standards of honesty, wholesomeness, purity, and nutrition have been listed and classified, and printed in an indexed book—The Westfield Book of Pure Foods. It is the only book of its kind in the world and a copy should be in every home in America. It is already the buying guide for thousands of families and a guard to their health. Have you your copy?

The National pure food laws are so lax that they do not protect you and your family; and the only way that you can "be sure your food is pure" is to buy by the Westfield book. It is not an "advertising scheme" in any sense of the word. It has nobody's axe to grind but yours. Send for it and know why. Ten cents and the attached coupon will bring it to you.



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE
BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 9-27-15

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name

Street

Post Office

My Grocer

Address

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

A Jimmy Pipe o'Peace

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has put the "Indian Sign" on all the tongue-broiling, smartweed brands. P. A. can't bite *your* tongue nor any man's, patented process removes the sting.

Sold everywhere in 5c bags, 10c tins, pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Heat that out-tricks cold!

Jack Frost is nimble and seeks every advantage to gain the mastery of Cold over Comfort. Disease germs flourish when the body is shivery—or when the big blood vessels at the ankles are chilled. Just as you protect the water pipes in your home against freezing, so you should protect your blood vessels and body's vitality against drafty rooms and cold floors by putting in the only heating outfit that invariably out-wits and out-tricks the bleakest winter weather—



AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

High winds cannot arrest nor chilling cold offset the ample flow of warmth from IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. They radiate nothing but *cleanly*, healthful warmth—suited to an athlete, or a baby and the family pets.

AMERICAN Radiators are built in many heights, widths and shapes, which admit their location in any convenient part of a room, hall or vestibule—to meet and bar out the cold. They out-trick the cold at all exposed points. AMERICAN Radiators are made in symmetrical, plain and ornamental patterns, which take bronze or enamel-paint finish in tints to match perfectly any furnishings, however artistic.

Made in curves, corners, with plate-warming oven, high-legs, carpet-feet, and with ventilating attachments for insuring liberal volumes of freshly warmed air throughout the building. IDEAL Boilers are self-acting. Kindle the fire once a year, put in coal once or twice a day, take up ashes every other day, and your rooms are automatically kept *evenly* warm.



A No. 2-19-W IDEAL Boiler and 340 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$160, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipes, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

No parts to wear or burn out, warp or loosen—will outlast your building. Our immense annual sales in America and Europe enable us to offer IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators at a cost no greater than asked for ordinary outfits—at prices now easily within reach of all. Accept no substitutes.

Act now. Six months cold weather ahead! Out-trick Jack Frost as long as your building endures, and save enough in fuel, repairs, doctor-bills, care-taking and household cleaning to quickly repay cost. Easily put into old or new cottages, farm houses, flats, schools, churches, stores, public buildings, etc., without disturbing old heaters until ready to build fire in the new. Learn how to save heating-dollars by asking for free catalog "Ideal Heating." Write today.



The fire in an IDEAL Boiler need not be rekindled in an entire heating season. One charging of coal easily lasts through the longest zero night. There can be no fuel waste.



We have also brought out the first genuinely practical, automatic, durable Vacuum Cleaner. ALL the dirt and trash are drawn from the rooms through small iron suction pipe leading to big, sealed dust-bucket in cellar. Attach hose to suction pipe opening in baseboard of any central room, turn an electric button to start the machine in cellar, and with a few gentle strokes of the hollow, magical ARCO WAND, you instantly and thoroughly clean carpets, rugs, floors, walls, ceilings, draperies, moldings, mattresses, drawers, corners, crevices, etc. Put with ease into any old or new dwelling or building. Costs little monthly for electricity to run. Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner.



Sold by all dealers.
No exclusive agents.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 46
816-822 S. Michigan Avenue
Chicago

Public Showrooms at Chicago, New York, Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, Portland, Spokane, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Toronto, Brantford (Ont.), London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Cologne, Milan, Vienna.

3